National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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Selections.

EMANCIPATION IN ANTIGUA.

From Thome and Kimball's Work.

THE first of August, 1834, is universally regarded in Antigua as having presented a most imposing and sublime moral spectacle. It is almost impossible to be in the company of a missionary, a planter, or an emancipated negro, for ten minutes, without hearing some allusion to that occasion. Even at the time of our visit to Antigua, after the elapse of nearly three years, they spoke of the event with an admiration apparently unabated.

For some time previous to the first of August, forebodings of disaster lowered over the island. The day was fixed! Thirty thousand degraded human beings were to be brought forth from the dungeon of Slavery and "turned loose on the community!" and this was to be done "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

Gloomy apprehensions were entertained by many of the planters. Some timorous families did not go to bed on the night of the 31st of July; fear drove sleep from their eyes, and they awaited with fluttering pulse the hour of midnight, fearing lest the same bell which sounded the jubilee of the slaves might toll the death knell of the masters.

The more intelligent, who understood the disposition of the negroes, and contemplated the natural tendencies of emancipation, through philosophical principles, and in the light of human nature and history, were free from alarm.

To convey to the reader some idea of the manner in which the great crisis passed, we give the substance of several accounts which were related to us, in different parts of the island, by those who witnessed them.

The Wesleyans kept "watch-night" in all their chapels on the night of the 31st July. One of the Wesleyan missionaries gave us an account of the watch meeting at the chapel in St. John's. The spacious house was filled with the candidates for liberty. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamations of thanksgiving and praise, and blessing, and honour, and glory, to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees and receive the boon of freedom in silence. Accordingly, as the loud bell tolled its first note, the immense assembly fell prostrate on their knees. All was silence, save the quivering half-stifled breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell upon the multitude; peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart-strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightning flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire, and trump of jubilee! A moment of profoundest silence passed—then came the *burst*—they broke forth in prayer; they shouted, they sung, "Glory," "alleluia;" they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands; but high above the whole there was a mighty sound which ever and anon swelled up; it was the utterings in broken negro dialect of gratitude to God.

After this gush of excitement had spent itself, and the congregation became calm, the religious exercises were resumed, and the remainder of the night was occupied in singing and prayer, in reading the Bible, and in addresses from the missionaries explaining the nature of the freedom just received, and exhorting the freed people to be industrious, steady, obedient to the laws, and to show themselves in all things worthy of the high boon which God had confered upon them.

The first of August came on Friday, and a release was proclaimed from all work until the next Monday. The day was chiefly spent by the great mass of the negroes in the churches and chapels. Thither they flocked "as clouds, and as doves to their windows" The clergy and missionaries throughout the island were actively engaged, seizing the opportunity in order to enlighten the people on all the duties and responsibilities of their new relation, and, above all, urging them to the attainment of that higher liberty with which Christ maketh his children free. In every quarter we were assured that the day was like a Sabbath. Work had ceased; the hum of business was still, and noise and tumult were unheard on the streets. Tranquility pervaded the towns and country. A Sabbath indeed! when the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest, and the slave was free from his master! The planters informed us that they went to the chapels where their own people were assembled, greeted them, shook hands with them and exchanged the most hearty good wishes.

The churches and chapels were thronged all over the island. At Cedar Hill, a Moravian station, the crowd was so great that the minister was obliged to remove the meeting from the chapel to a neighbouring grove.

At Grace Hill, another Moravian station, the negroes went to the Missionary on the day before the first of August, and begged that they might be allowed to have a meeting in the chapel at sunrise. It is the usual practice among the Moravians to hold but one sunrise meeting during the year, and that is on the morning of Easter: but as the people besought very earnestly for this special favour on the Easter morning of their freedom, it was granted to them.

Early in the morning they assembled at the chapel. For some time they sat in perfect silence. The missionary then proposed that they should kneel down and sing. The whole audience fell upon their knees, and sung a hymn commencing with the following verse:

> "Now let us praise the Lord,
> With body, soul and spirit,
> Who doth such wondrous things,
> Beyond our sense and merit."

The singing was frequently interrupted with the tears and sobbings of the melted people, until finally it was wholly arrested, and a tumult of emotion overwhelmed the congregation.

During the day, repeated meetings were held. At eleven o'clock, the people assembled in vast numbers. There were at least a *thousand* persons around the chapel, who could not get in. For once the house of God suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. After all the services of the day, the people went again to the missionaries in a body, and petitioned to have a meeting in the evening.

At Grace Bay, the people, all dressed in white, assembled in a spacious court in front of the Moravian chapel. They formed a procession and walked arm in arm into the chapel. Similar scenes occurred at all the chapels and at the churches also. We were told by the missionaries that the dress of the negroes on that occasion was uncommonly simple and modest. There was not the least disposition to gaiety.

We were also informed by planters and missionaries in every part of the island, that there was not a single dance known of, either day or night, nor so much as a fiddle played. There were no riotous assemblies, no drunken carousals. It was not in such channels that the excitement of the emancipated flowed. They were as far from dissipation and debauchery as they were from violence and carnage. GRATITUDE was the absorbing emotion. From the hill-tops, and the valleys, the cry of a disenthralled people went upward like the sound of many waters, "Glory to God, glory to God."

The testimony of the planters corresponds fully with that of the missionaries.

Said R. B. Eldridge, Esq., after speaking of the number emancipated, "Yet this vast body (30,000) *glided* out of slavery into freedom with the utmost tranquility."

Dr. Daniell observed, that after so prodigious a revolution in the condition of the negroes, he expected that some irregularities would ensue; but he had been entirely disappointed. He also said that he anticipated some relaxation from labour during the week following emancipation. But he found his hands in the field early on Monday morning, and not one missing. The same day he received word from another estate, of which he was proprietor, that the negroes had to a man refused to go to the field. He immediately rode to the estate and found the people standing with their hoes in their hands doing nothing. He accosted them in a friendly manner: "What does this mean, my fellows, that you are not at work this morning?" They immediately replied, "It's not because we don't want to work, massa, but we wanted to see you first and foremost to *know what the bargain would be.*" As soon as that matter was settled, the whole body of negroes turned out cheerfully, without a moment's cavil.

Mr. Bourne, of Millar's, informed us that the largest gang he had ever seen in the field on his property turned out the *week after emancipation.*

Said Hon. N. Nugent, "Nothing could surpass the universal propriety of the negroes' conduct on the first of August, 1834! Never was there a more beautiful and interesting spectacle exhibited than on that occasion."

There has been, *since* emancipation, not only *no rebellion in fact*, but NO FEAR OF IT, in Antigua.

Proof 1st. The militia were not called out during Christmas holidays. *Before* emancipation, martial law invariably prevailed on the holidays, but the very first Christmas after emancipation, the Governor made a proclamation that, *in consequence of the abolition of Slavery*, it was no longer necessary to resort to such a precaution. There has not been a parade of soldiery on any subsequent Christmas.

2d. The uniform declaration of planters and others:

"Previous to emancipation, many persons apprehended violence and bloodshed as the consequence of turning the slaves all loose. But when emancipation took place, all these apprehensions vanished. The sense of personal security is universal. We know not of a single instance in which the negroes have exhibited a *revengeful spirit.*"

S. Bourne, Esq., of Millar's.
——Watkins, Esq., of Donovan's.

"It has always appeared to me self-evident, that if a man is peaceable while a *slave*, he will be so when a *free* man."—*Dr. Ferguson.*

"There is no possible danger of personal violence from the slaves; should a foreign power invade our island, I have no doubt that the negroes would, to a man, fight for the planters. I have the utmost confidence in all the people who are under my management; they are my friends, and they consider me their friend."—*H. Armstrong, Esq., of Fitch's Creek.*

The same gentleman informed us that during Slavery, he used frequently to lie sleepless on his bed, thinking about his dangerous situation—a lone white person far away from help, and surrounded by hundreds of savage slaves; and he had spent hours thus, in devising plans of self-defence in case the house should be attacked by the negroes. "If they come," he would say to himself, "and break down the door, and fill my bed-room, what shall I do? It will be useless to fire at them; my only hope is to frighten the superstitious fellows by covering myself with a white sheet, and rushing into the midst of them, crying, 'ghost, ghost.'"

Now Mr. A. sleeps in peace and safety, without conjuring up a ghost to keep guard at his bedside. His bodyguard is a battalion of substantial flesh and blood, made up of those who were once the objects of his nightly terror!

"There has been no instance of personal violence since freedom. Some persons pretended, prior to emancipation, to apprehend disastrous results; but for my part I cannot say that I ever entertained such fears. I could not see anything which was to instigate negroes to rebellion, *after* they had obtained their liberty. I have not heard of a single case of even *meditated* revenge."—*Dr. Daniell, Proprietor, Member of Council, Attorney of six estates, and Manager of Weatherill's.*

"One of the blessings of emancipation has been that it has banished the *fear* of insurrections, incendiarism, &c."—*Mr. Favey, Manager of Lavicount's.*

"In my extensive intercourse with the people, as missionary, I have never heard of an instance of violence or revenge on the part of the negroes, even where they had been ill-treated during Slavery."—*Rev. Mr. Morrish, Moravian Missionary.*

"Insurrection or revenge is in no case dreaded, not even by those planters who were most cruel in the time of Slavery. My family go to sleep every night with the doors unlocked, and we fear neither violence nor robbery."—*Hon. H. Nugent.*

Again, in a written communication, the same gentleman remarks: "There is not the slightest feeling of insecurity—quite the contrary. Property is more secure, *for all idea of insurrection is abolished forever.*"

"We have no cause now to fear insurrections; emancipation has freed us from all danger on this score."—*David Cranstoun, Esq.*

Extract of a letter from a merchant of St. John's, who has resided in Antigua more than thirty years:

"There is no sense of personal danger arising from insurrections or conspiracies among the blacks. Serious apprehensions of this nature were formerly entertained; but they gradually died away *during the first year of freedom.*"

We quote the following from a communication addressed to us by a gentleman of long experience in Antigua—now a merchant in St. John's—*James Scotland, Sen., Esq.:*

"Disturbances, insubordinations, and revelry, have greatly decreased since emancipation; and it is a remarkable fact, that on the day of abolition, which was observed with the solemnity and services of the Sabbath, not an instance of common insolence was experienced from any freed man.

"There is no feeling of insecurity. A stronger proof of this cannot be given than the dispensing, within five months after emancipation, with the Christmas guards, which had been regularly and uninterruptedly kept for nearly one hundred years—during the whole time of Slavery.

"The military has never been called out, but on one occasion, since the abolition, and that was when a certain planter, the most violent enemy of freedom, reported to the Governor that there were strong symptoms of insurrection among his negroes. The story was generally laughed at, and the reporter of it was quite ashamed of his weakness and fears.

"My former occupation, as editor of a newspaper, rendered it necessary for me to make incessant inquiries into the conduct as well as the treatment of the emancipated, and I have *never heard of any instance of revenge* for former injuries. The negroes have indeed *quitted* managers who were *hard or cruel* to them in their bondage, but they removed in a peaceable and orderly manner.

"Our negroes, and I presume other negroes too, are very little less sensible to the force of those motives which lead to the peace, order and welfare of society, than any other set of people."

"The general conduct of the negroes has been worthy of much praise, especially considering the sudden transition from Slavery to unrestricted Freedom. Their demeanour is peaceable and orderly.—*Ralph Higinbothom, U. S. Consul.*

As we mingled with the missionaries, both in town and country, they all bore witness to the security of their persons and families. They, equally with the planters, were surprised that we should make any inquiries about insurrections. A question on this subject generally excited a smile, a look of astonishment, or some exclamation, such as "*Insurrection!* my dear sirs, we do not think of such a thing;" or, "Rebellion indeed! why, what should they rebel for *now*, since they have got their liberty!"

Physicians informed us that they were in the habit of riding into the country at all hours of the night, and, though they were constantly passing negroes, both singly and in companies, they never had experienced any rudeness, nor even so much as an insolent word. They could go by night or day, into any part of the island where their professional duties called them, without the slightest sense of danger.

A residence of nine weeks in the island gave us no small opportunity of testing the reality of its boasted security. The hospitality of planters and missionaries, of which we have recorded so many instances in a previous part of this work, gave us free access to their houses in every part of the island. In many cases we were constrained to spend the night with them, and thus enjoyed, in the intimacies of the domestic circle, and in the unguarded moments of social intercourse, every opportunity of detecting any lurking fears of violence, if such there had been; but we saw no evidence of it, either in the arrangements of the houses or in the conduct of the inmates.

There has been no fear of house-breaking, highway robberies, and like misdemeanors, since emancipation. Statements, similar to those adduced under the last head, from planters and other gentlemen, might be introduced here; but as this proposition is so intimately involved in the foregoing, separate proof is not necessary. The same causes which excite apprehensions of insurrection produce fears of robberies and other acts of violence; so also the same state of society which establishes security of person insures the safety of property. Both in town and country we heard gentlemen repeatedly speak of the slight fastenings to their houses. A doors, and they might be burst open with ease, by a mere lock, or bolt, was all that secured the outside single man. In some cases, as has already been intimated, the planters habitually neglect to fasten their doors—so strong is their confidence of safety. We were not a little struck with the remark of a gentleman in St. John's. He said he had long been desirous to remove to England, his native country, and had Slavery continued much longer in Antigua, he certainly should have gone; but *now the security of property was so much greater in Antigua than it was in England*, that he thought it doubtful whether he should ever *venture* to take his family thither.

THE MINISTER HUNTING HIS SLAVE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago there came to Indianapolis, Indiana, a coloured man named John Freeman. He brought with him some few hundred dollars, a part of which he invested in real estate: he was a painter, white-washer, and man of all work. He married a young woman who was a servant in our family. His deportment won for him general respect and confidence: he rapidly increased in property and is now worth about six thousand dollars, which, for that community, is a very handsome property. No man's word was better than Freeman's. He was honest, punctual, and reliable. He became an active member of the Coloured Baptist Church, and conscientiously discharged his duties as a church member. He has a family of three children. On the 23rd of June, a man named Pleasant Ellington, formerly from Kentucky, now of Missouri, who is, we understand, a Methodist preacher, appeared in Indianapolis, and found miscreants base enough to assist him in arresting Freeman upon the claim that he was his slave. Freeman claims that he is a free man and shows many papers recognising that fact. The Judge has granted nine weeks for Freeman to procure further evidence of his freedom.

There are some facts that have come to our knowledge, which it will be edifying to know.

When Freeman's arrest was known, the whole community was moved. One hundred men, of all parties, and of the first standing in the place, such as Judge Blackford, Judge Wick, N. B. Palmer, Calvin Fletcher, Esq., and many other such, signed a bond for bail in the sum of sixteen hundred dollars. The amount in gold was brought into court, to be deposited for the preacher Ellington, in case Freeman proved a slave, should not appear, or for his freedom, in any event. The bail was refused. Rev. Mr. Ellington refused to agree to take any price should he get possession of him, but determined to take him to Missouri.

Under a pretence that he feared a rescue, the marshal was about to remove Freeman to Madison jail on the Ohio river—but has consented to leave him in the jail at Indianapolis, on condition that Freeman pays three dollars a day for a guard to watch over himself!

We have some good but dull men in New York, who have denied that Christian men and families were subject to separation and sale, under the system of Slavery. It is said that to represent such scenes as Uncle Tom's separation from his family and his wife, is a slander.

Yet here is a preacher of the gospel, making a pilgrimage of more than half a thousand miles, to find and arrest a member of a Christian church, in a free State, and drag him into Slavery! He finds him settled down in a home which his own industry has secured, with a wife and three children, a useful and greatly respected citizen. One would think that a man with a particle of humanity, even if Freeman *were* his slave, upon seeing such a state of facts, would refuse to break up and desolate a family, and blight the prospects of a man and fellow Christian. But so deeply has this fellow drank of the spirit of patriotism, that he determines to make the mischief. Bonds and security were offered him the most ample, for any price that he might demand, in case Freeman should be proved his slave. He refused everything. He demanded the *Man;* and declared that he would remove him to a slave State and to Slavery!

A man that can read such a state of facts, and not feel his heart rising with indignation against this scoundrel clergyman, ought to regard himself as having sinned away his day of grace, and as sealed over to reprobation.

And yet, is this man any worse than the law allows? Has he done anything illegal? This American people have laws within which men may violate every breath of Christianity, outrage the feelings of a whole community, crush an innocent and helpless family, reduce a citizen of universal respect and proved integrity to the level of a brute, carry him to the shambles, sell him forever away from his church, his children and wife; all this may be done without violating the laws of the land—nay, *by* the laws, and under the direction of magistrates!

And so deadening has been the influence of Slavery upon the public mind, that religious teachers, and religious editors, will find not a single word to say against this utter abomination, and many pious words will they utter in favour of this execrable statute.

Meanwhile, that same God who permits the existence of tarantulas, scorpions, and other odious vermin, suffers also the existence of such creatures as this Rev. Mr. Ellington. It may serve a good purpose, in a glossing, timid, shuffling age, to exhibit before the sun, how utter a villain man may be, and yet keep within the pale of the law, within the permissions of the church, and within the requirements of the Christian ministry. To crush the human heart, to eat up a living household, to take a family into one's hands and crush it like a cluster of grapes, this is respectable, legal, and Christian, in the estimation of cotton patriots and patriotic Christians, who regard law as greater than justice, the Union as more important than public virtue and practical Christianity.

Such a law as that which permits these scenes, will destroy the conscience and humanity of the community, or be itself destroyed by them. A people that have learned to see such sights unmoved are not far from the level of Romans whose amusements were in blood and death of beasts and gladiators.

As long as smooth prophets ease down the public conscience, and obsequious editors count themselves worthy to bind up the sandals of savage laws, whose every step perpetrates as many crimes as man can commit against man, so long we do not wonder that there are such monsters as this Ellington, ruffled out as a minister of the Gospel, to the shame of every honest man that wears the same cloth; and preaching the Gospel like a volcano, through whose base flame the fires of perdition.

It will not forever be thus! There is an unperverted heart! There is a judge above corruption. There are laws neither framed in deceit, nor red mouthed with the blood of the innocent. We turn to that great Heart, guardian of the supreme and universal law (beneath which the miserable piddling enactments of paltry politicians and mousing merchants, are as gross and withered leaves beneath the boughs of the cedars of Lebanon). Has not the shame of our nakedness appeared long enough! How long shall this land stand before the world like a drunken woman loosely exhibiting her hideous charms, which none can behold without shame and disgust?—*Henry Ward Beecher, in the Independent.*

SLAVERY IN LOUISIANA.

TWELVE YEARS A SLAVE: NARRATIVE OF SOLOMON NORTHUP. 12mo. pp. 336. Auburn: Derby & Miller. New York: R. T. Young.

"It is a singular coincidence," says Mrs. Stowe, in her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," "that Solomon Northup was carried to a plantation in the Red River Country—that same region where the scene of Uncle Tom's captivity was laid—and his account of this plantation, and the mode of life there, and some incidents which he describes, form a striking parallel to that history." The present volume furnishes a complete history of the abduction of Northup, his experience as a slave for many years in Louisiana, and the means by which he was restored to freedom, under the act of this State passed in 1840, for the protection of its citizens from Slavery. The materials of the narrative are of course derived in the first instance from the statements of Northup himself; many of them are confirmed by collateral evidence; while all bear the intrinsic marks of credibility. The editor of the volume has performed his task with apparent fidelity and has not sought to increase the effect of his picture by an exaggerated intensity of colouring.

Northup, who was descended from a slave family in Rhode Island, was born in Minerva, Essex County, N. Y., in the year 1808. He afterward resided at Sandy Hill, Saratoga Springs, and other places in this State, until 1841, when he was induced by a company of strolling performers to follow them to Washington as a player on the violin. In that city he was kidnapped in a manner not fully explained, and came into the possession of a Southern slave-trader. After twelve years' labour on various plantations, he accidentally fell in with a humane Canadian, who was temporarily residing in Louisiana, and who, becoming acquainted with the circumstances of his history, made such communications to his friends at the North as led to his release from captivity. The immediate agent in this matter was Henry B. Northup, a distinguished lawyer at Sandy Hill, and a relative of the family in Rhode Island, from which the subject of the volume derives his name. His share in the transaction is highly creditable both to his humanity and his intelligence.

The interest of the work consists, principally, in the descriptions which it presents of the practical working of Slavery in the interior of Louisiana. These are set forth in plain, unvarnished terms, and to many will be even more impressive than the high-wrought delineations of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Here is a sketch of the Southern homestead, where Northup gained his first experience of Slavery:

The whole country about Red River is low and marshy. The Pine Woods, as they are called, is comparatively upland, with frequent small intervals, however, running through them. This upland is covered with numerous trees—the white oak, the chincopin, resembling chesnut, but principally the yellow-pine. They are of great size, running up sixty feet, and perfectly straight. The woods were full of cattle, very shy and wild, dashing away in herds, with a loud snuff, at our approach. Some of them were marked or branded, the rest appeared to be in their wild and untamed state. They are much smaller than the northern breeds, and the peculiarity about them that most attracted my attention was their horns. They stand out from the sides of the head precisely straight, like two iron spikes.

At noon we reached a clear piece of ground containing three or four acres. Upon it was a small, unpainted, wooden house, a corn-crib, or, as we would say, a barn, and a log kitchen, standing about a rod from the house. It was the summer residence of Mr. Martin. Rich planters, having large establishments on Bayou Bœuf, are accustomed to spend the warmer season in these woods. Here they find clear water and delightful shades. In fact, these retreats are to the planters of that section of the country what Newport and Saratoga are to the wealthier inhabitants of Northern cities.

We were sent around into the kitchen, and supplied with sweet potatoes, corn, bread and bacon, while Master Ford dined with Martin in the house. There were several slaves about the premises. Martin came out and took a look at us, asking Ford the price of each, if we were green hands, &c., and making inquiries in relation to the slave market generally.

After a long rest we set forth again, following the Texas road, which had the appearance of being very rarely travelled. For five miles we passed through continuous woods without observing a single habitation. At length, just as the sun was sinking in the west, we entered another opening, containing some twelve or fifteen acres.

In this opening stood a house much larger than Mr. Martin's. It was two stories high, with a piazza in front. In the rear of it was also a log kitchen, poultry-house, corn-cribs, and several negro-cabins. Near the house was a peach orchard, and gardens of orange and pomegranate trees. The space was entirely surrounded by woods, and covered with a carpet of rich, rank verdure—literally a green spot in the wilderness. It was the residence of my master, William Ford.

This man was a favourable specimen of a planter, and endeavoured to treat his slaves with as much kindness and justice as is consistent with the character of the "peculiar institution."

We usually spent our Sabbaths at the opening, on which days our master would gather all his slaves about him and read and expound the Scriptures. He sought to inculcate in our minds feelings of kindness toward each other, of dependence upon God—setting forth the rewards promised unto those who lead an upright and prayerful life. Seated in the doorway of his house, surrounded by his man-servants and his maid-servants, who looked earnestly into the good man's face, he spoke of the loving-kindness of the Creator, and of the life that is to come. Often did the voice of prayer ascend from his lips to heaven, the only sound that broke the solitude of the place.

In the course of the summer, Sam became deeply convicted, his mind dwelling intensely on the subject of religion. His mistress gave him a Bible, which he carried with him to his work. Whatever leisure time was allowed him, he spent in perusing it, though it was only with great difficulty that he could master any part of it. I often read to him, a favour which he well repaid me by many expressions of gratitude. Sam's piety was frequently observed by white men who came to the mill, and the remark it most generally provoked was, that a man like Ford, who allowed his slaves to read the Bible, was "not fit to own a nigger."

He, however, lost nothing by his kindness. It is a fact I have more than once observed, that those who treated their slaves most leniently were rewarded by the greatest amount of labour. I know it from my own experience. It was a source of pleasure to surprise Master Ford with a greater day's work than was required, while, under subsequent masters, there was no prompter to extra effort but the overseer's lash.

But the mildness of Ford could not protect his slave from intolerable cruelties. Read and ponder the following facts:

At this time one John M. Tibeats, a carpenter, came to the opening to do some work on master's house. I was directed to quit the looms and assist him. For two weeks I was in his company, planing and matching boards for ceiling, a plastered room being a rare thing in the parish of Avoyelles.

John M. Tibeats was the opposite of Ford in all respects. He was a small, crabbed, quick-tempered, spiteful man. He had no fixed residence that I ever heard of, but passed from one plantation to another, wherever he could find employment. He was without standing in the community, not esteemed by white men, nor even respected by slaves. He was ignorant, withal, and of a revengeful disposition. He left the parish long before I did, and I know not whether he is at present alive or dead. Certain it is, it was a most unlucky day for me that brought us together. During my residence with Master Ford I had seen only the bright side of Slavery. His was no heavy hand crushing us to the earth. *He* pointed upwards, and with benign and cheering words addressed us as fellow-mortals, accountable, like himself, to the Maker of us all. I think of him with affection, and had my family been with me, could have borne his gentle servitude, without murmuring, all my days. But clouds were gathering in the horizon—forerunners of a pitiless storm that was soon to break over me. I was doomed to endure such bitter trials as the poor slave only knows, and to lead no more the comparatively happy life which I had led in the "Great Pine Woods."

* * * *

William Ford unfortunately became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. A heavy judgment was rendered against him in consequence of his having become security for his brother, Franklin Ford, residing on Red River, above Alexandria, and who had failed to meet his liabilities. He was also indebted to John M. Tibeats to a considerable amount in consideration of his services in building the mills on Indian Creek, and also a weaving-house, corn-mill and other erections on the plantation at Bayou Bœuf, not yet completed. It was therefore necessary, in order to meet those demands, to dispose of eighteen slaves, myself among the number. Seventeen of them, including Sam and Harry, were purchased by Peter Compton, also residing on Red River.

I was sold to Tibeats in consequence, undoubtedly, of my slight skill as a carpenter. This was in the winter of 1842. The deed of myself from Freeman to Ford, as I ascertained from the public records in New Orleans on my return, was dated, June 23, 1851. At the time of my sale to Tibeats, the price agreed to be given for me being more than the debt, Ford took a chattel mortgage of $400. I am indebted for my life, as will hereafter be seen, to that mortgage.

* * * *

Ford's overseer on this plantation, and who had the exclusive charge of it, was a Mr. Chapin, a kindly-disposed man, and a native of Pennsylvania. In common with others, he held Tibeats in light estimation, which fact, in connection with the four hundred dollar mortgage, was fortunate for me.

I was now compelled to labour very hard. From earliest dawn until late at night, I was not allowed to be a moment idle. Notwithstanding which, Tibeats was never satisfied. He was continually cursing and complaining. He never spoke to me a kind word. I was his faithful slave, and earned him large wages every day, and yet I went to my cabin nightly, loaded with abuse and stinging epithets.

We had completed the corn mill, the kitchen, and so forth, and were at work upon the weaving-house, when I was guilty of an act, in that State punishable with death. It was my first fight with Tibeats. The weaving-house we were erecting stood in the orchard a few rods from the residence of Chapin, or the "great-house," as it was called. One night, having worked until it was too dark to see, I was ordered by Tibeats to rise very early in the morning, procure a keg of nails from Chapin, and commence putting on the clapboards. I retired to the cabin extremely tired, and having cooked a supper of bacon and corn cake, and conversed a while with Eliza, who occupied the same cabin, as also did Lawson and his wife Mary, and a slave named Bristol, laid down upon the ground floor, little dreaming of the sufferings that awaited me on the morrow. Before daylight I was on the piazza of the "great house," awaiting the appearance of Overseer Chapin. To have aroused him from his slumbers and stated my errand, would have been an unpardonable boldness. At length he came out. Taking off my hat, I informed him Master Tibeats had directed me to call upon him for a keg of nails. Going into the store-room, he rolled it out, at the same time saying, if Tibeats preferred a different size, he would endeavour to furnish them, but that I might use those until further directed. Then mounting his horse, which stood saddled and bridled at the door, he rode away into the field, whither the slaves had preceded him, while I took the keg on my shoulder, and proceeding to the weaving-house, broke in the head, and commenced nailing on the clapboards.

As the day began to open, Tibeats came out of the house to where I was, hard at work. He seemed to be that morning even more morose and disagreeable than usual. He was my master, entitled by law to my flesh and blood, and to exercise over me such tyrannical control as his mean nature prompted; but there was no law to prevent my looking upon him with intense contempt. I despised both his disposition and his intellect. I had just come round to the keg for a further supply of nails, as he reached the weaving-house.

"I thought I told you to commence putting on weather-boards this morning," he remarked.

"Yes, master, and I am about it," I replied.

"Where," he demanded.

"On the other side," was my answer.

He walked round to the other side, examined my work for a while, muttering to himself in a fault-finding-tone.

"Did n't I tell you last night to get a keg of nails of Chapin?" he broke forth again.

"Yes, master, and so I did; and overseer said he would get another size for you, if you wanted them, when he came back from the field."

Tibeats walked to the keg, looked a moment at the contents, then kicked it violently. Coming toward me in a great passion, he exclaimed:

"G—d d—n you! I thought you *knowed* something."

I made answer: "I tried to do as you told me, master. I did n't mean anything wrong. Overseer said—" But he interrupted me with such a flood of curses that I was unable to finish the sentence. At length he ran toward the house, and going to the piazza took down one of the overseer's whips. The whip had a short wooden stock, braided over with leather, and was loaded at the butt. The lash was three feet long, or thereabouts, and made of raw-hide strands.

At first I was somewhat frightened, and my impulse was to run. There was no one about except Rachel, the cook, and Chapin's wife, and neither of them were to be seen. The rest were in the field. I knew he intended to whip me, and it was the first time any one had attempted it since my arrival at Avoyelles. I felt, moreover, that I had been faithful—that I was guilty of no wrong whatever, and deserved commendation rather than punishment. My fear changed to anger, and before he reached me I had made up my mind fully not to be whipped, let the result be life or death.

Winding the lash around his hand, and taking hold of the small end of the stock, he walked up to me, and, with a malignant look, ordered me to strip.

"Master Tibeats," said I, looking him boldly in the face, "I will *not.*" I was about to say something further in justification, but, with concentrated vengeance, he sprang upon me, seizing me by the throat with one hand, raising the whip with the other, in the act of striking. Before the blow descended, however, I had caught him by the collar of the coat, and drawn him closely to me. Reaching down, I seized him by the ankle, and putting him back with the other hand, he fell over on the ground. Putting one arm around his leg and holding it to my breast, so that his head and shoulders only touched the ground, I placed my foot upon his neck. He was completely in my power. My blood was up. It seemed to course through my veins like fire. In the frenzy of my madness I snatched the whip from his hand. He struggled with all his power; swore that I should not live to see another day; and that he would tear out my heart. But his struggles and his threats were alike in vain. I cannot tell how many times I struck him. Blow after blow fell fast and heavy upon his writhing form. At length he screamed—cried murder—and at last the blasphemous tyrant called upon God for mercy. But he who had never shown mercy did not receive it. The stiff stock of the whip warped round his cringing body until my right arm ached.

Until this time I had been too busy to look about me. Desisting for a moment, I saw Mrs. Chapin looking from the window, and Rachel standing in the kitchen door. Their attitudes expressed the utmost excitement and alarm. His screams had been heard in the field. Chapin was coming as fast as he could ride. I struck him a blow or two more, then pushed him from me with such a well-directed kick that he went rolling over on the ground.

Rising to his feet and brushing the dirt from his hair, he stood looking at me, pale with rage. We gazed at each other in silence. Not a word was uttered until Chapin gallopped up to us.

"What is the matter?" he cried out.

"Master Tibeats wants to whip me for using the nails you gave me," I replied.

"What is the matter with the nails?" he inquired, turning to Tibeats.

Tibeats answered to the effect that they were too large, paying little heed, however, to Chapin's question, but still keeping his snakish eyes fastened maliciously on me.

"I am overseer here," Chapin began. "I told Platt to take them and use them, and if they were not of the proper size I would get others on returning from the field. It is not his fault. Besides, I shall furnish such nails as I please. I hope you will understand *that* Mr. Tibeats."

Tibeats made no reply, but, grinding his teeth and shaking his fist, swore he would have satisfaction, and that it was not half over yet. Thereupon he walked away, followed by the overseer, and entered the house, the latter talking to him in a suppressed tone, and with earnest gestures.

I remained where I was, doubting whether it was better to fly or abide the result, whatever it might be. Presently Tibeats came out of the house, and saddling his horse, the only property he possessed beside myself, departed on the road to Chenyville.

When he was gone, Chapin came out, visibly excited, telling me not to stir, nor to attempt to leave the plantation on any account whatever. He then went to the kitchen, and calling Rachel out, conversed with her some time. Coming back, he again charged me with great earnestness not to run, saying my master was a rascal; that he had left on no good errand, and that there might be trouble before night. But at all events, he insisted upon it, I must not stir.

As I stood there, feelings of unutterable agony overwhelmed me. I was conscious that I had subjected myself to unimaginable punishment. The reaction that followed my extreme ebullition of anger produced the most painful sensations of regret. An unfriended, helpless slave—what could I *do*, what could I *say*, to justify, in the remotest manner, the heinous act I had committed, of resenting a *white* man's contumely and abuse. I tried to pray—I tried to beseech my Heavenly Father to sustain me in my sore extremity, but emotion choked my utterance, and I could only bow my head upon my hands and weep. For at least an hour I remained in this situation, finding relief only in tears, when, looking up, I beheld Tibeats, accompanied by two horsemen, coming down the bayou. They rode into the yard, jumped from their horses, and approached me with large whips, one of them also carrying a coil of rope.

"Cross your hands," commanded Tibeats, with the addition of such a shuddering expression of blasphemy as is not decorous to repeat.

"You need not bind me, Mr. Tibeats, I am ready to go with you anywhere," said I.

One of his companions then stepped forward, swearing if I made the least resistance he would break my head—he would tear me limb from limb—he would out my black throat—and giving wide scope to other similar expressions. Perceiving any opportunity altogether vain, I crossed my hands, submitting humbly to whatever disposition they might please to make of me. Thereupon Tibeats tied my wrists, drawing the rope around them with his utmost strength. Then he bound my ancles in the same manner. In the meantime the other two had slipped a cord within my elbows, running it across my back, and tying it firmly. It was utterly impossible to move hand or foot. With a remaining piece of rope Tibeats made an awkward noose, and placed it around my neck.

"Now, then," inquired one of Tibeats's companions, "where shall we hang the nigger?"

One proposed such a limb, extending from the body of a peach tree, near the spot where we were standing. His comrade objected to it alleging it would break, and proposed another. Finally they fixed upon the latter.

During this conversation, and all the time they were binding me, I uttered not a word. Overseer Chapin, during the progress of the scene, was walking hastily back and forth on the piazza. Rachel was crying by the kitchen door, and Mrs. Chapin was still looking from the window. Hope died within my heart. Surely my time had come. I should never behold the light of another day—never behold the faces of my children—the sweet anticipation I had cherished with such fondness. I should that hour struggle through the fearful agonies of death! None would mourn for me—none revenge me. Soon my form would be mouldering in that distant soil, or, perhaps, be cast to the slimy reptiles that filled the stagnant waters of the bayou! Tears flowed down my cheeks, but they only afforded a subject of insulting comment for my executioners.

At length as they were dragging me towards the tree, Chapin, who had momentarily disappeared from the piazza, came out of the house and walked towards us. He had a pistol in each hand, and as near as I can now recall to mind, spoke in a firm, determined manner, as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have a few words to say. You had better listen to them. Whoever moves that slave another foot from where he stands is a dead man. In the first place, he does not deserve this treatment. It is a shame to murder him in this manner. I never knew a more faithful boy than Platt. You, Tibeats, are in the fault yourself. You are pretty much of a scoundrel, and I know it, and you richly deserve the flogging you have received. In the next place, I have been overseer on this plantation seven years, and, in the absence of William Ford, am master here. My duty is to protect his interests, and that duty I shall perform. You are not responsible—you are a worthless fellow. Ford holds a mortage on Platt of four hundred dollars. If you hang him he loses his debt. Until that is cancelled you have no right to take his life. You have no right to take it any way. There is a law for the slave as well as the white man. You are no better than a murderer.

"As for you," addressing Cook and Ramsay, a couple of overseers from neighbouring plantations, "as for you—begone! If you have any regard for your own safety, I say, begone."

Cook and Ramsay, without a further word, mounted their horses and rode away. Tibeats, in a few minutes, evidently in fear, and overawed by the decided tone of Chapin, sneaked off like a coward, as he was, and mounting his horse, followed his companions.

I remained standing where I was, still bound, with the rope around my neck. As soon as they were gone, Chapin called Rachel, ordering her to run to the field, and tell Lawson to hurry to the house without delay, and bring the brown mule with him, an animal much prized for its unusual fleetness. Presently the boy appeared.

"Lawson," said Chapin, "you must go to the pine woods. Tell your master Ford to come here at once—that he must not delay a single moment. Tell him they are trying to murder Platt. Now hurry, boy. Be at the pine woods by noon if you kill the mule."

Chapin stepped into the house and wrote a pass. When he returned, Lawson was at the door, mounted on his mule. Receiving the pass, he plied the whip right smartly to the beast, dashed out of

At this time I had no experience whatever in cotton-picking. It was an awkward business indeed While others used both hands, snatching the cotton and depositing it in the mouth of the sack, with a precision and dexterity that was incomprehensible to me, I had to seize the boll with one hand, and deliberately draw out the white gushing blossom with the other.

Depositing the cotton in the sack, moreover, was a difficulty that demanded the exercise of both hands and eyes. I was compelled to pick it from the ground where it would fall, nearly as often as from the stalk where it had grown. I made havoc also with the branches, loaded with the yet unbroken bolls, the long, cumbersome sack swinging from side to side in a manner not allowable in a cotton-field. After a most laborious day I arrived at the gin-house with my load. When the scale determined its weight to be only ninety-five pounds, not half the quantity required by the poorest picker, Epps threatened the severest flogging, but in consideration of my being a "raw hand," concluded to pardon me on that occasion. The following day, and many days succeeding, I returned at night with no better success—I was evidently not designed for that kind of labour. I had not the gift—the dexterous fingers and the quick motion of Patsey, who could fly along one side of a row of cotton, stripping it of its undefiled and fleecy whiteness miraculously fast. Practice and whipping were alike unavailing, and Epps, satisfied of it at last, swore I was a disgrace—that I was not fit to associate with a cotton-picking "nigger"—that I could not pick enough in a day to pay for the trouble of weighing it, and that I should go into the cotton-field no more. I was now employed in cutting and hauling wood, drawing cotton from the field to the gin-house, and performed whatever other service was required. Suffice it to say, I was never permitted to be idle.

It was rarely that a day passed by without one or more whippings. This occurred at the time the cotton was weighed. The delinquent, whose weight had fallen short, was taken out, stripped, made to lie upon the ground, face downward, when he received a punishment proportioned to his offence. It is the literal, unvarnished truth, that the crack of the lash, and the shrieking of the slaves, can be heard from dark till bedtime on Epps's plantation, any day almost during the entire period of the cotton-picking season.

The number of lashes is graduated according to the nature of the case. Twenty-five are deemed a mere brush, inflicted, for instance, when a dry leaf or piece of boll is found in the cotton, or when a branch is broken in the field; fifty is the ordinary penalty following all delinquencies of the next higher grade; one hundred is called severe: it the punishment inflicted for the serious offence of standing idle in the field; from one hundred and fifty to two hundred is bestowed upon him who quarrels with his cabin mates, and five hundred, well laid on, besides the mangling of the dogs, perhaps, is certain to consign the poor, unpitied runaway to weeks of pain and suffering.

A more cheerful scene is presented on the plantation at Christmas.

The only respite from constant labour the slave has through the whole year, is during the Christmas holidays. Epps allows us three—others allow four, five, and six days, according to the measure of their generosity. It is the only time to which they look forward with any interest or pleasure. They are glad when night comes, not only because it brings them a few hours repose, but because it brings them one day nearer Christmas. It is hailed with equal delight by the old and the young; even Uncle Abram ceases to glorify Andrew Jackson, and Patsey forgets her many sorrows, amid the general history of the holidays. It is the time of feasting, and frolicking, and fiddling—the carnival season with the children of bondage. They are the only days when they are allowed a little restricted liberty, and heartily indeed do they enjoy it.

It is the custom for one planter to give a "Christmas supper," inviting the slaves from neighbouring plantations to join his own on the occasion; for instance, one year it is given by Epps, the next by Marshall, the next by Hawkins, and so on. Usually from three to five hundred are assembled, coming together on foot, in carts, on horseback, on mules, riding double and triple, sometimes a boy and girl, at others a girl and two boys, and at others again a boy, a girl and an old woman. Uncle Abram astride a mule, with Aunt Phœbe and Patsey behind him, trotting toward a Christmas supper, would be no uncommon sight on Bayou Bœuf.

Then too, "of all days i' the year," they array themselves in their best attire. The cotton coat has been washed clean, the stump of a tallow candle has been applied to the shoes, and if so fortunate as to possess a rimless or a crownless hat, it is placed jauntily on the head. They are welcomed with equal cordiality, however, if they come bare headed and bare footed to the feast. As a general thing, the women wear handkerchiefs tied about their heads, but if chance has thrown in their way a fiery red ribbon, or a cast-off bonnet of their mistress's grandmother, it is sure to be worn on such occasions. Red—the deep blood red—is decidedly the favourite colour among the enslaved damsels of my acquaintance. If a red ribbon does not encircle the neck, you will be certain to find all the hair of their wooly heads tied up with red strings of one sort or another.

The table is spread in the open air, and loaded with varieties of meat and piles of vegetables. Bacon and corn meal at such times are dispensed with. Sometimes the cooking is performed in the kitchen on the plantation, at others in the shade of wide branching trees. In the latter case, a ditch is dug in the ground, and wood laid in and burned until it is filled with glowing coals, over which chickens, ducks, turkeys, pigs, and not unfrequently the entire body of a wild ox, are roasted. They are furnished also with flour, of which biscuits are made, and often with peach and other preserves, with tarts, and every manner and description of pies, except the mince, that being an article of pastry as yet unknown among them. Only the slave who has lived all the year on his scanty allowance of meal and bacon can appreciate such suppers. White people in great numbers assemble to witness the gastronomical enjoyments.

They seat themselves at the rustic table—the males on the one side, the females on the other. The two between whom there may have been an exchange of tenderness, invariably manage to sit opposite; for the omnipresent Cupid disdains not to hurl his arrows into the simple hearts of slave. Unalloyed and exulting happiness lights up the dark faces of them all. The ivory teeth, contrasting with their dark complexions, exhibit two long, white streaks the whole extent of the table. All round the bountiful board a multitude of eyes roll in ecstacy. Giggling and laughter, and the clattering of cutlery and crockery succeed. Cuffee's elbow hunches his neighbour's side, impelled by an involuntary impulse of delight; Nelly shakes her finger at Sambo and laughs, she knows not why, and so the fun and merriment flows on.

When the viands have disappeared, and the hungry maws of the children of toil are satisfied, then, next in the order of amusement, is the Christmas dance. My business on these gala days always was to play on the violin. The African race is a music loving one, proverbially; and many there were among my fellow bondsmen whose organs of tune were strikingly developed, and who could thumb the banjo with dexterity; but at the expense of appearing egotistical, I must, nevertheless, declare that I was considered the Ole Bull of Bœuf.

But we have no space for further extracts. Nor is it necessary, as the volume cannot fail to gain a wide circulation. It will be read extensively both at the North and the South. We do not imagine that much fault will be found with the manner in which life on the plantation is described. At the same time, no one can contemplate the scenes which are here so naturally set forth without a new conviction of the hideousness of the institution from which the subject of the narrative has happily escaped.—*Tribune.*

FRUITS OF FREEDOM.

The following article appeared in the *Standard* of 3rd March last. We reproduce it now as appropriate to the Anniversary of W. I. Emancipation.

From the Evening Post.

The Jamaica journals publish, by authority, an important return made to the legislative assembly of the colony, on the 27th January last, of all properties in the island of Jamica, upon which cultivation has been wholly or partially abandoned since 1st day of January, 1848; and showing the number of acres, the assessed annual value on the 1st day of January, 1848, the assessed annual value on the 28th March, 1852, the average amount of taxes paid annually for four years prior to the 1st day of January, 1848, and the amount of taxes assessed for 1852.

The following is a recapitulation of the results shown by the table:

Sugar estates totally abandoned	138
Do. partially do	71
Coffee estates totally abandoned	96
Do. partially do	86
Pens totally abandoned	30
Do. partially do	22
Number of acres abandoned	391,187
Assessed annual value on the 1st January, 1848	£98,430 19 6
Do. do 29th March, 1852	53,221 19 6
Annual amount of average taxes paid for four years prior to 1st January, 1848	13,715 1 6
Amount of taxes assessed for 1852	7,384 11 7

While these facts present most painful evidence of the ruinous influence of Slavery, in disqualifying the population in which it prevails for the employments and the rewards of freedom, they also serve to illustrate the supreme wisdom of those inscrutable and universal laws, by which the errors and follies of men are made to vindicate the goodness and wisdom which dictated them.

The refusal of the coloured persons to work for the whites at 12 1-2 and 18 3-4 cents a day, when they can get a living in their fruitful country without such dependence, must inevitably lead to one of two consequences: Either the white man must go into the sugar-fields and climb the coffee-hills, and thus make labour respectable and acceptable to the blacks, or he must sit, as he has been sitting for the past six or seven years, and see his plantation neglected and running to waste; ultimately to be bought perhaps under execution by some thrifty negro, at so trifling a price as to enable him, with his limited capital and imperfect knowledge, to cultivate it to advantage. By the returns which we quote above, it appears that the latter alternative has been embraced. The estates have been abandoned one after another for a succession of yeas, and in a corresponding ratio the number of African land-holders increased. In 1850 the number was not less than 100,000, which was one-fourth of the entire population, white and black, and considerably more than the entire white population. The continual abandonment of estates since that period, by the white proprietors, many of whom are absentees or purchasers under foreclosed mortgages, and all of whom are too proud to work and ashamed to beg, will tend to bring the best real property of the island more and more within reach of the African population, who can make it profitable in the same way that farms are rendered profitable in New England and Ohio, by the labour of their owners. The destiny of Jamaica, like that of Ireland, depends upon the extermination of absentee landlordism and attorneyships, and the surrender of the soil to those who are willing to cultivate it with their hands. In both countries the same process is going on with the same result. Real estate is becoming less and less valuable to the foreign owner, and falling more and more within the reach of the intelligent and industrious cultivator. The sales of encumbered estates in Ireland is hastening the emancipation of its industrial classes; a similar law might wisely be applied to Jamaica, for there is hardly an unencumbered estate to be found on the island which has not been sold within ten years under a mortgage foreclosure; and if every mortgage now on record there were at once foreclosed, and the property sold for what it would bring, it would be the greatest blessing which has befallen the island since the emancipation of its slaves. It would result in making two-thirds of the coloured people land-owners immediately, and consequently voters, and eligible to any office or public trust. It would inspire them with the same ambitions and energies which distinguish the predominant races in other countries, and would soon recover the wasting and neglected resources of this affluent island.

There is no hope for Jamaica until agricultural industry shall come into fashion, but that cannot happen so long as a controlling proportion of the landed interest is the hands of the whites, and the bulk of the labouring classes are of a different colour and race. The proportion of whites to blacks, however, is rapidly diminishing; the local political power is fast passing into the hands of the latter, with the land, and the prospect of better times for Jamaica seems not to be very far distant.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

CELEBRATION

BY THE

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4TH, 1853.

The New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society, auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society, will celebrate the approaching Anniversary of West India Emancipation, on THURSDAY, August 4th, by a steamboat excursion to FLUSHING, and a public meeting in a grove near the steamboat landing. Parties and families will generally carry their own refreshments, but food will no doubt be for sale at the grove to supply such as may prefer to purchase.

The arrangements as to speakers, music, &c., are not yet perfected, but the Committee will do their best to make the celebration in these particulars worthy of the Society and the cause. William Lloyd Garrison has positively engaged to be present and to make an address, and Horace Greeley is also expected to attend. Other able speakers are, or will be, invited. There will be vocal music by a choir of our coloured friends.

A cordial invitation is extended to all the friends of the slave in New York and vicinity, to unite with us in the celebration. The fare will be 10 cents each way. The steamer, *Island City*, will leave the foot of Fulton street, at 9 A. M., and return at 3 and 6 P. M.

Lauren Wetmore,
O. H. Wellington, } Committee.
Rowland Johnson,

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Next Monday recurs the Anniversary of the Emancipation of the West Indian Slaves, the event which, of all that England delights to commemorate, is the one which impartial posterity will look upon as the greatest and the holiest. For it was the triumph of the higher moral qualities over the lower propensities—of Justice and not of Force—of Restitution and not of Conquest. It was a Victory stained by no blood and poisoned by no tears, the issues of which were altogether blessed and beneficent. It was a great act of Repentance, for crimes committed and allowed by a Nation, of which the world has no other instance. It was an example, instructive in its very errors as well as animating by its spirit and its success. It is no wonder that all that is vile in the Slaveholding and Pro-Slavery American politician, priest or printer, should make haste to misrepresent and defame it. It is too conspicuous a contrast to themselves, too reproachful a contradiction of the sophistries by which they seek to delude the people and perpetuate a profitable wickedness, not to call for whatever refuge of lies they can build up for their comfort.

It is no insignificant proof of the control which Slavery exercises over the entire country, that the North is content to take its account of the working of this great Experiment almost exclusively from Slaveholding papers. One would think that nothing of a public nature could well be more calculated to excite the curiosity and arouse the attention of the Northern people than the fact that there was a Nation of emancipated Slaves only a few days' sail distant, the history of which may have a profound influence in the solution of the great problem of our own Slavery. And it has seemed to create no sensation, beyond a very narrow sphere, except a wish that the experiment might fail and an eager willingness to believe and circulate every partisan rumour that come to us filtered through the medium of New Orleans newspapers. It shows how insincere are the professions of hostility to Slavery which almost all men think it a decent homage to pay to Virtue, and how genuine is the loyalty borne to the cherished institutions of their Southern masters by the Trade and Piety of the Country.

And yet one thing is perfectly clear from the very silence which has been the rule of the guides of our Public Opinion as to Slavery. And that is, that the Deliverance of near a Million of Bondmen was accomplished without the shedding of a drop of blood and without any breach of the order of Society. It is not pretended, unless by the most unscrupulously falsifying, that Emancipation has done the negroes any harm. Even Carlyle, the prose Pindar of Pro-slavery (it has never yet found a poet to sing its praise, for love or money), only can find the laziness of the negro on which to build his pedestrian lyrics. It may be very bad (if true) that "Quashee" will prefer "sitting up to the ears in pumpkin" to raising "sugars and cinnamons and all such nobler products of the soil," for nothing, under the persuasion of "the beneficent whip," for the benefit of another man. But, at any rate, Quashee likes it better, and so it is better for him. For, as Hamlet says, "there is nothing good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so." This is the universal American Cry—Emancipation is a failure, because the Jamaica planters do not make as large incomes as they did under Slavery! For, it is noticeable that no mention is ever made of the twenty, or thereabouts, other inter-tropical islands belonging to the British Crown, which depend mainly on black labour for their cultivation. And for the sufficient reason that no complaint is ever heard from them of the working of the Free System.

We apprehend that very mistaken notions prevail as to the difference in the exports of sugar, the chief staple of those islands, before and since Emancipation. Notwithstanding the deficiency of labour for this purpose in most of the islands (many of the blacks finding it more profitable to apply their labour to the production of other things), and in spite of the loss of the monopoly of the British Islands, which they virtually had before 1846, the total of the exports of Sugar from all the Sugar Islands was greater during the three years ending Jan. 1, 1853, than it was during the three years ending 1838, the year of Emancipation (4,204,058 cwts. to 4,023, 341 cwts.); and this, although the product of Jamaica, by far the largest of them all, had fallen off very nearly one half. This shows that where the masters have been disposed to do their part, the blacks have been ready to do theirs, and that the blame of the misfortunes of the Jamaica planters should light on their own shoulders and not on those of their emancipated bondmen. The Jamaica planters seem to have somewhat of the temperament of our South Carolina chivalry. Enthusiasts for Slavery, loving it for its own sake, and ranking it high among the natural rights of man, they were fanatically and frantically zealous in maintaining it. It seemed as if they were determined to ruin themselves, if thus they could bring discredit on the plan of Emancipation. Refusing to adapt themselves to the necessities of their new circumstances, they endeavoured to get the labour of the blacks for as nearly nothing as they could, and continued to treat them as nearly like Slaves as the law would permit. The blacks finding that they were at liberty to work for their old masters or for themselves, as they pleased, naturally enough preferred the latter alternative. If the planters lost their crops by this process, whom had they to blame but themselves? That the blacks were willing to work for fair wages we have the testimony of Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor at the time of Emancipation, and that they are willing to work for themselves is proved by the complaints of the pro-slavery party that they are getting the soil of the Island into their own hands.

But there was another most sufficient reason for the ruin of the Slaveholders, besides the difficulty of getting labour. And that was the heavy debts, rescued by mortgage after mortgage, with which these estates were encumbered. The distress of Jamaica was no new thing springing into existence at the appearance of Liberty. More than sixty years ago (1792), we have it on the authority of the Jamaica House of Assembly, that in the course of twenty years, 177 estates had been sold for debt, and 80,121 executions, amounting to £22,563,786, sterling, were in the hands of the Provost Marshal. And during the most prosperous six years of Jamaica Sugar planting, in which it exported more sugar than it ever had before or since, the same authority tells us that sixty-five estates had been abandoned, thirty-two sold under decree of Chancery, a hundred and fifty more actually in Chancery, "with many more bills preparing!" This state of things went on from bad to worse for thirty years longer, so that even the gratuity called Compensation made no appreciable impression upon it, and then we are asked to believe that the ruin which the extravagance of the absentee proprietors at home and the careless or dishonest management of the agents in the Island, was owing to the idleness of the negroes consequent upon liberty! This, indeed, is a new case of the wolf proposing to devour the lamb for muddying the water of the stream (bitter waters, too!) which he was drinking far down the current.

The experience of Jamaica is perhaps the most instructive of all that the Emancipation has afforded, from the proofs it has given of the blessings that flowed from it. In the first place, notwithstanding all the misconduct and insensate folly of the planters, the years since Emancipation have been years of peace and safety. No violent outbreak has attempted the redress of present injustice or the avenging of former wrongs. Up to the passage of the Emancipation Act, the history of Jamaica is marked by a succession of bloody insurrections. Only the year before it passed, 1832, one broke out, "which was not put down till many lives had been lost, many horrible atrocities committed, and the western portion of the Island laid desolate by fire." At this time, from ninety to a hundred slaves were punished capitally, in Mondego Bay alone, by hanging, shooting or flogging to death. Since the Emancipation, no more apprehension of one is felt than in the heart of Massachusetts. In the second place, although the legislation of the Island has been so managed as to throw more than three-fifths of the taxation on the black labourers, and although emancipated blacks (those taken in Slavery and bound out for a term of years) and coolies from India have been introduced to reduce the value of labour, and in spite of a fearful outbreak of cholera in 1851, the material prosperity of the blacks has been going on improving. It is a proof of this that a pro-slavery writer (Mr. Day) declares that the negroes ought not to be allowed to buy land, because "he cultivates it very carefully," "lives on half the produce," and "thus, by degrees, hems in the large plantations!" One would think this a tolerably good reason for allowing them to buy it. But such is the difference between the Political Economy of Slavery and Freedom. And in the third place, it is an admitted fact, by intelligent Slaveholders as well as others, that the moral condition of the blacks is infinitely better than it ever was, or could be, in Slavery. Crime is much less, marriage is multiplied, and they are eager for the improvement of themselves and the education of their children.

In view of such a state of things, how mean and pitiful must be the turn of that man's mind that can weigh such blessings against hogsheads of sugar and puncheons of rum! Supposing less sugar is raised under Freedom than under Slavery, is sugar the Chief End of Man? Would not the elevation of a Million of human beings from chattels to men, with unlimited opportunity for rising in knowledge, virtue, and social condition, be cheaply purchased though every sugar-cane were blasted in the process? Mind is more than Sugar; Souls are of more worth than spices; the happiness of millions of human beings is more precious than all the gold of California and Australia. If material ruin had followed this act of Justice, if all the evils even tyrants could imagine had flown from that Pandora's Box, they would have been more than compensated by this Hope which they left behind them. But when we find, even by the experience of Jamaica, and still more by the unquestioned success of all the other Colonies, that the Word is fulfilled, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," what fresh and unanswerable arguments does it not put into our mouths to refute the selfish fears of this nation of traders, whose conscience is in their till? But, above all, what just confidence does it not give us in the truth of our principles and the holiness of our Cause, when we find that both are thus demonstrated by this great lesson of Philosophy teaching by these blessed examples! Our task is a longer and more difficult one than that the British Abolitionists had to encounter; but the elements of success are the same to the one as to the other. Faith in God and in Man, and in Everlasting Principles, worked out the one, and will bring about the other. The sooner or the later will depend on the fidelity and perseverance of those who have given themselves to the work.—E. Q.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Another Fugitive Slave Case has occurred, within the last week, in Philadelphia, which, from the manner in which it has been conducted, has excited more than usual attention. The mere act of sending men into Slavery, whether legally or illegally, had become so common that that alone would hardly excite more sympathy, in the public heart, than the return of fugitive apprentices; but it is a noteworthy fact that in almost every case that arises under the act of 1850, some new issue is involved, or such circumstances surround it, that the character not only of that law is made patent to the most careless observation, but the sense of the constitutional obligation for the rendition of slaves is presented with a force which could never be reached by mere argument. And unless the people are given over to total blindness, they must be made to see, eventually, how much the integrity of government, and the rights of all, are necessarily involved in a consent to the oppression of a part. The invention of the slaveholders and their friends of 1850 may yet become a dire plague to the inventors; indeed it must be so in the new light which these cases shed upon slaveholding law and a slaveholding Constitution, unless the spirit of liberty be altogether dead among us. In this last case the question of the power of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* comes up for decision. History carefully notes the few times that the British Parliament has suspended this writ, when threatened with a foreign invasion, or compelled to resort to extreme measures to suppress internal convulsion. A Pennsylvania Court has, at this moment, to decide whether, in effect, the capture and re-enslavement of the fugitive is not a civil war to which we are always liable, and from which we can never escape, and whether our obligation to the Constitution is not practically a submission to a foreign enemy.

On Thursday of last week, a young coloured man who calls himself George Smith, who resides near Philadelphia, upon a farm of his own, with a wife and children, and who declares that he was born a freeman, but who is claimed by one J. C. Howard, of Elkton, Maryland, as a fugitive slave, by the name of Bill Fisher, was brought before Commissioner Ingraham, on a warrant issued by him, and executed by the United States Marshal's officers. The manner of his arrest was worthy of its object. Howard, in May last, received notice that his slave, Fisher, who escaped from him several years ago, was in Philadelphia, the information coming from that notorious scoundrel, Alberti, who, when not engaged in his avocation as common hangman, employs himself in prowling about among the coloured people to find fit subjects for capture as runaways or for kidnapping. On the 22d of May, about the time that Howard received this intelligence from Alberti, Smith, or Fisher, was arrested on a charge of inciting to a riot, on apparently very slight grounds. Between the 22d and 25th, Alberti appeared before Alderman Enue, before whom Smith was arraigned, and offered himself as bail, but the Alderman refused to take him. He came subsequently with another person as bail for the prisoner, but he, in the meantime, had been discharged, one Lyttleton Hubert having offered to give bonds for him and been accepted. Alberti's object here, of course, was merely to get possession of Smith, that he might hold him as a fugitive, and, no doubt, the arrest was made at his instigation.

But on Thursday of last week, Smith was again arrested, and this time without any warrant whatever, by officer Hill, a policeman, and was taken to a station-house and detained through the night. In the morning Alberti appeared, and after a consultation between him and Hill, the prisoner was taken –not to the police-magistrate of the District, as was the duty of the officer, if he had any charge to make against him—but to the office of Alderman Dallas, a half-mile distant. Hill's assertion here was that he had arrested him for a breach of the peace and forfeiture of bail; at the station-house, the night before, he said the arrest was for highway robbery. But the object was gained. The night's imprisonment secured the man, the delay of going to the office of Alderman Dallas, and some detention there enabled Alberti to perfect his arrangements, and he soon appeared with the officers of the United States Marshal, who took possession of Smith as a fugitive slave. The party then went before the third accomplice, for he seems nothing else, Commissioner Ingraham, but the case was necessarily postponed for a few hours, the claimant, Howard, and his witnesses not having arrived from Elkton.

This delay, however, was not allowed to pass unimproved by the friends of Smith. Littleton Hubert, Smith's bail, on the charge made against him in May, and which is still pending in the State Courts, petitioned Judge Allison for a writ of *Habeas Corpus* to issue to Wynkoop, the U. S. Marshal, and Freed, the jailer, commanding them to bring Smith before the Judges of the Quarter Sessions on Saturday morning, and the petition was granted. The case nevertheless came up before the Commissioner in the afternoon, the Marshal having taken Smith out of the custody of the jailer, and the Commissioner refusing to recognise the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, when informed of its existence by Smith's counsel, proceeded with the trial. This was of the usual character. Certain persons swore that Smith, *alias* Fisher, was Howard's slave, and Ingraham decided him to be so. Howard made oath that he feared a rescue, and the Commissioner granted a certificate requiring the Marshal to safely and securely convey the prisoner to Maryland. But as soon as the certificate was received, Mr. Peirce, Smith's counsel, served another writ of *Habeas Corpus* upon Howard, and so stopped the proceedings of the slave-catchers for that day.

The return to the writs upon Wynkoop and Howard were to be made, the next morning, in the Court of Quarter Sessions. The Marshal, however, instead of appearing with the body of Smith, came with counsel, J. W. Ashmead, and a reason for not obeying the *Habeas Corpus*. His honour, Judge Thompson, was not disposed to accept the substitute—it was the man he wanted and not an argument. But after listening patiently to counsel, Ashmead on one side, and David Paul Brown and Pierce on the other, he issued an attachment against the Marshal for contempt of Court, and that officer was taken into custody by the Sheriff. The next step was to go before Jude Kane of the United States District Court, for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, the petition setting forth that the petitioner, Wynkoop, was unjustly held in custody by the Sheriff, that he was not detained by virtue of any commitment for any criminal matter, and that cause might be shown why he should not be released. This petition Judge Kane first declined to grant, considering the rule imperative that no Court or Judge of the United States could issue a writ of *Habeas Corpus* to bring up a prisoner in custody or under sentence of execution of a State Court, except as a witness. After a long discussion on this view of the law between himself and Mr. Ashmead, the Judge discovered there was nothing in the petition to show that the petitioner had been committed by a State officer or Judge, and so he granted the writ. How he supposed the Sheriff obtained the custody of the prisoner the learned Judge did not state, though he acknowledged himself bothered by that consideration. There seems to be no other explanation of his tergiversation than that he was sincerely desirous to release the Marshal, and would do so if the ingenuity of counsel could find or make a large enough loop-hole through which he might creep; for having granted the writ on the supposition that the petitioner was not held by any process from a State Court, notwithstanding the distinct assertion that he was in the custody of the Sheriff, when the return was made, as it was immediately, that the Sheriff held the prisoner by virtue of a writ issued by the Court of Oyer and Terminer and Quarter Sessions, then the Judge undid his work of a moment before, and quashed the writ which he had just granted. His duty seemed clear enough to him from the beginning, but inclination and duty would not jump together. But his decision settled the question clearly up to this point—that here was a case of collision between the State and the United States, and that the Marshal was to remain in the custody of the Sheriff. And so the matter stands at our latest intelligence.

Since the above was written the case has been settled in the usual manner.. There is no law but Slave-law, and State Courts and State Statutes must yield before the decisions of the U. S. Commissioners, which are as invariably the same as ten dollars are more than five. Mr. Wynkoop, the Marshal, amended his return to the writ against him, and produced the body of Smith before the Court, which amendment the Court accepted, and the Marshal was discharged from arrest. This was on Monday. On Tuesday morning a hearing was had on the original writ, on the petition of Hubert, Smith's bail, and a decision was at length given, that Smith, not having been in the actual custody of his bail at the time of arrest, he is not entitled to present custody; but, as the right of the State to retain the man for trial for any crime against the Commonwealth is undoubted, he may be retained by the bail taking out a bail-piece, and arresting and holding him by virtue thereof. Of course, by this decision, Smith was given into the custody of the Marshal, who hurried him into a carriage, and before the bail-piece was made out, was some distance on his way to Maryland. There, the Telegraph announces, he arrived safely in a few hours.

COXIANA.

It is held that civilization has yet much to do for a people who have no national pastimes, and our own country is reproached that play so rarely alternates with work that we have become the 'Jack' of the proverb. We do not intend, just now, to discuss the general proposition, partly because we accept it as true, and partly because we are prepared to show that so far as we, in and about New York, are concerned, it does not apply to us. We have our pastime. It is Dr. Cox.

To be sure we do not enjoy it at stated periods. It does not come to us with the rising of a certain day's sun, and vanish at the setting thereof. But it is none the less a pastime for that, and herein is our advantage—that it breaks upon us unawares, like a warm and genial day in January, or a refreshing shower in the sweltering heat of July; that we often find it at breakfast in our morning paper, and may put it in our coat-pockets to keep us cheerful and mirthful all day long in the office or counting-room; that we encounter it unexpectedly, when intent on some thoughtful purpose, at the bookseller's counter, fresh and wet from the press, a thing that Silenus would have foregone his cups for the reading of as better fun than drinking; that we may have it, perhaps—we speak dubiously here having never ventured for it that way—on any Sunday, to enjoy with smothered, the best of all, laughter, in a cozy and cushioned pew in a certain church at Brooklyn. In short what boxing, and horse-racing, and cricket are to the English; what musical, and other festivals are to the Germans; what public gardens and theatres and Sunday balls are to the French; what the opera and the carnival are to the Italian; what bull-baiting is to the Spaniard; that is Dr Cox to the busy New Yorker, only more of it and a good deal oftener. Dr. Cox has become an Institution.

We were getting rather tired, a week ago, of the prolonged fuss of the Crystal Palace Inauguration and the Presidential Progress; we were rather wishing that the papers would have done with the Morality of Industrial Exhibitions, with rampant patriotism over the advent of Pierce, Cushing, and Guthrie, when on a certain morning we opened our *Tribune*, and found—Cox! Here was a new evidence of mortal short-sightedness. It could occur to no mere man that this occasion would bring forth Cox, yet here we were indebted for him to the Inauguration and the President at which we were getting fretful!

Dr. Cox was invited, it seems, in common with a few thousand others, to be present at the opening of the Palace. He alone of all these tens of hundreds answered the invitation. *That* was Coxian, to begin with, and worthy of him, but it is in the answer itself that we find the full evidence of his genius. The reader need not feel disappointed, at the outset, that it is not dated '*Rus in urbe*'; The Latin comes further down. We begin it:

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 12, 1853.

Sir—The undersigned gratefully acknowledges the receipt, yesterday, of your printed Circular, inviting him "to be present at the Inaugural Opening of the "Exhibition, on the 14th inst., of the Industry of all "Nations:" and regrets, sincerely, that a previous engagement for that and several subsequent days, in a sister State, will quite preclude the possibility, and the pleasure and the profit to himself, of such a rare gratification.

At the same time, the undersigned congratulates the Board of Directors of this Association, on the great initial, and the greater prospective, success, of their civic, pacific, and beneficient enterprise. These humane acts of peace and demonstrations of improved and progressive civilization, in their proper nature and legitimate tendency are worthy of high congratulation and encomium. Let them prosper! superseding the iron, the ignorance, the romance, the superstition, and the absurdity, of the age of chivalry and the horrid honours of the vassalage and the degradation of the feudal system, with its serfs, its admirers, and its victims; superseding also the age of war and military glory, that makes its own occasions, and glories in the poetry, while impoverished by the prose, of human butchery and national devastation. These are the fruits of peace and the fraternal intercourse of nations. These are worthier of "the manifest destiny" of Christendom; they are the *præmia laudis et virtutis* of our whole species; symbols various and fitting of the genius, the handicraft, the art, the science, the invention, and the proficiency of the Grand Fraternity of Mankind. I would love to regard them among the precursors, and of the first-fruits, of the millennial intercourse of nations; when the vision of the Mantuan Bard shall be more than accomplished, in that which accomplishes the rapt predictions of the prophets of God—

> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
> Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
> Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
> Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras:
> Pacatumque reget patrus virtutibus orbem.

Following high examples, I would apply this to the universal reign of our Redeemer, filling the earth with his glory, *because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness;* and craving your pardon for the poor verse in which the thought is costumed, I venture the paraphrase, as follows; in style perhaps too free, accomodated, and antedated for the future of our world's succeeding and beatified history, under Christ:

We pause, at this point, for a moment. And if any reader is disposed here to attribute to us the translation which follows, with our hand upon our heart, and upon our word of honour, we deny the impeachment. We could not, even if we had an enemy bad enough to deserve it, put into any body's mouth these twenty lines as a translation of the five above from Virgil. It is all Dr. Cox's:

> The total orb of human things, begins its course anew;
> Not war but peace its glory brings, for heaven and earth to view.
> The roll of ages hence shall flame, with honours great and good;
> While virtue yields a better fame, than arts and aims of blood.
> Men shall be happy, wise, and true; since properous in HIS reign,
> Who came to earth this thing to do, whose victories remain.
> He died for us that we might live, a brotherhood of peace:
> His father's glories pledg'd to give, his kingdom to increase.
> Oh! if our sins for his offence, still lingering are found,
> The Lamb of God can bear them hence; then let his praise resound
> From all our sin and squalid fear, he grants a full release;
> The new creation hails HIM here, Author and Prince of Peace.
> Let despots from their throne be hurl'd, let light and freedom spread;
> The Saviour reigns king of the world, our glory not our dread.
> All nations one, restored by HIM, the days of Heaven return;
> Their brightness never more be dim, and earth shall cease to mourn;
> While songs of Saints and Seraphim, leave glory's broken urn,
> Ascribe all victory to HIM and welcome HIS return;
> Whose reign is our salvation given, in earth's united praise,
> All lasting as the throne of Heaven, eteral as its days.

Whether this was made for the Crystal Palace or the Crystal Palace made for it, matters not to us; for it, as for the whole letter, we are duly thankful in a dull season. "Please, Sir," continues the Dr., "appreciate this votive venture." *Appreciate* it! The man must be very low indeed who is beyond that. New York has done nothing else for a week. We give the conclusion, trusting that another occasion may soon occur for another such benediction:

Please, Sir, appreciate this votive venture; truly neither premeditated, nor transcribed; and expanding as my feelings move the pen that wrote it; and yet, though long, I feel it right to mention that mine is the greater loss, that, on such an occasion of signal occurrence, I may not enjoy with you, and welcome to this London of our Country, our Nation's honoured Chief and Head, with his faithful Counsellors around him, gracing the scene, and representing our vast Republic, in relations so worthy of statesmanship, so dear to patriotism, so excellent in history, so properly consonant with the influence and the sanction of religion! God bless Franlin Pierce, the President of the United States of America—bless his administration—bless our country—bless the nations of the earth—bless you all, now, henceforth and forever, for the sake of our Redeemer, and our LORD, Jesus Christ!

With grateful sentiments and my best wishes for your prosperity, I am, very respectfully, yours,

Samuel H. Cox.

Wm. Whetten, Esq., Sec'y, &c., &c.,

THE NEGRO'S VIGIL,

On the Eve of the First of August, 1834.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"They that watch for the morning: they that watch for the morning."—Psalm 130: 6.

He to the mountain afar,
All in the cool of the even;
Led by yon beautiful star,
First of the daughters of heaven:
Sweet to the slave is the season of rest;
Something far sweeter he looks for to-night;
His heart lies awake in the depth of his breast,
And listens till God shall say, "*Let there be light.*"

Climb we the mountain, and stand
High in mid-air, to inhale,
Fresh from our old fatherland,
Balm in the ocean-borne gale:
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep;
Spirit of Freedom! go forth in thy might,
To break up our bondage like infancy's sleep,
The moment when God shall say, "*Let there be light.*"

Gaze we, meanwhile, from this peak,
Praying in thought while we gaze;
Watch for the morning's first streak,
Prayer then be turned into praise:
Shout to the valleys, "Behold ye the morn,
Long, long desired, but denied to our sight:"
Lo! myriads of slaves into men are new-born;
The word was omnipotent, "*Let there be light.*"

Hear it and hail it—the call
Island to island prolong;
Liberty! liberty!—all
Join in the jubilee-song:
Hark! 'tis the children's hosannas that ring;
Hark! they are free men whose voices unite;
While England, the Indies, and Africa, sing
"Amen, Hallelujah!" at "*Let there be light.*"

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF COLORED PEOPLE.

The National Coloured Convention recently held in Rochester, organized a National Council according to the plan set forth in the following articles:

For the purpose of improving the character, developing the intelligence, maintaining the rights, and organizing a union of the coloured people of the free States, the National Convention does hereby ordain and institute the National Council of the Coloured People.

1. This Coucil shall consist of twenty-one persons, who shall hold office during three years, at the end of which time one-third shall have successors in office, who shall be elected for a like term by a duly summoned National Convention, the third going out to be selected by lot. All the members of the Council shall reside within forty-eight hours travel of their office or bureau, which shall be located in——In case of any vacancy occurring by death, resignation or removal, beyond the limits specified, or by refusal to serve, the Council shall forthwith fill up such vacancy by ballot.

2. The members of the first Council shall be elected by this Convention, which shall designate out of the number, a president, secretary, treasurer, a committee of five on Manual Labour, School, a committee of three on Protective Unions, of three on Business Relations, of three on Publications, of three on Arbitration.

3. The Committee on Manual Labour School shall procure funds and organize said school in accordance with the plans adopted by this National Convention, with such modifications as experience or necessity may dictate to them. The committee shall immediately incorporate itself as an academy under

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND,

The pro-slavery presses abuse and denounce Mrs. Stowe on the assumption that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is calculated to awaken hostility in the minds of Europeans toward everything American. With the conductors of such presses *America* and *Slavery* are synonymous terms; hence when the evils of the peculiar institution are exposed, it is, in their eyes, the country and her institutions that are assailed! If they could only once get it into their dull heads that America and Slavery are not precisely convertible names, they would not probably make fools of themselves quite so often as they do. Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era*, presents some facts that this class of persons would do well to consider, viz:

"I have lately learned some interesting particulars in relation to the republication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and other American works. Mrs. Stowe's novel was reprinted in May, 1852; two months were required to get it in circulation; during July and August it had a fair run, which rapidly increased till it reached its height in November; since then the demand has declined. Clarke, Beeton & Co., an enterprising London firm, have issued six editions, comprising an aggregate of nearly 597,000 copies. About the same number has been printed by other publishers here, making an aggregate of nearly 1,200,000 copies—a circulation larger than that ever attained in the same time by any works in England, native or foreign.

"It is worthy of remark, that the two most successful works of the year in the English market have been 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and 'The Wide, Wide World,' both American, and both by women, both the first novels of their authors. Miss Wetherell's book was reprinted here before Mrs. Stowe's, but had no considerable circulation, as I am informed, till the latter had aroused the public mind. It has now a circulation of 300,000. The Pickwick Papers, in their day, hardly reached a fifth of this; but the world did not then go so much by steam as it does now. The next most successful book is the 'White Slave,' by our countryman, Hildreth, three editions of which have been issued by the firm named above, numbering 200,000 copies.

"In an editorial written a few weeks before I left Washington, I ventured the assertion that the great success in England of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' had acted favourably for the interests of American literature, by contributing to open the foreign market, and to stimulate the demand for its productions. I am glad to find myself sustained by facts. There now lies before me a printed catalogue of new works, just published by Clarke, Beeton & Co., from which it appears, that since the first republication of Mrs. Stowe's novel in May, 1852, they have reprinted 28 American works—28 American literary works reprinted in London by a single firm, in one year! They told me that they did very little in this line before the appearance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' but since then, people have been on the look-out for American commodities. Of course they have rivals in this kind of enterprise. The truth is, the people demand a cheap literature; our publishers, taking the advantage of the absence of an international copyright, have undertaken to satisfy the demand by cheap reprints of foreign literature. The English publishers begin to follow the example. Having ascertained that there is such a thing as an American literature, they are giving shilling editions of its production to the English public.

"In the catalogue of American reprints referred to, I notice 'Clevernook,' by Alice Carey; 'Dollars and Cents,' by Amy Lathrop; 'Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles;' several volumes, by Edgar A. Poe; 'Political Atheism,' by Dr. Lyman Beecher; 'Nile Notes of a Howadji;' Headley's 'Old Guard of Napoleon;' 'Reveries of a Bachelor;' Herbert's 'Cavaliers of England;' 'Pictures of European Capitalists,' by W. Ware and others; several volumes by the author of 'Sunny Side:' Poems by Longfellow and Whittier; 'Uncle Tom at Home,' by F. C. Adams; 'The Cabin and the Parlor,' by Thornton S. Randolph; 'Senator's Son,' by Metta Victoria Fuller, &c., &c.

"It is highly creditable to Clarke, Beeton & Co., who have engaged so largely in the enterprise of reprinting American works, that theirs was the first firm in London that made Mrs. Stowe a remittance on the sales of her book here; and I understand that their fixed rule is, to allow American authors whose productions they republish, a certain portion of the profits on them should there be any—a rule, the principle of which ought to be adopted by all publishers."

☞ Gerrit Smith has recently made another of those munificient donations for the benefit of the public, for which he is so distinguished and honoured, in giving to the City of Oswego the sum of $25,000 for a Public Library. His intention was conveyed to several gentlemen of that place in the following characteristic letter which we copy from the Oswego *Palladium*:

PETERBORO, July 17, 1853.

Alvin Bronson, James Platt, George H. McWhorter, Henry Fitzhugh, Edwin W. Clarke, John B. Edwards, James Brown, DeWitt C. Littlejohn.

Gentlemen: As some of you are aware, I have, for years, entertained the idea of founding a Public Library in the City of Oswego, the time has now arrived for me to act upon this idea.

I appropriate to this object the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000), and I wish you to be at the pains of expending it. You can draw for it as follows:

1st March, 1854, for	$5,000
1st June, 1854, for	5,000
1st August, 1854, for	5,000
1st October, 1854, for	5,000
1st December, 1854, for	5,000

It strikes me that it might be well for you to purchase a lot and erect upon it a building, which would serve for other purposes, as well as for the Library. The lot and building might cost, say $15,000 to $20,000. The balance of the $25,000 you could then expend in books; and the rents of that part of the building not devoted to the Library, would furnish means for adding books, from year to year. But all this I leave to your better judgment.

As I have always had more to do with property on the east than on the west side of the river; and as that part of the city has suffered exceedingly from the late fire; and, moreover, as much less has been done for the inhabitants of that part of the city than for the inhabitants of the other; I enjoin that the library be on the east side of the river. My only injunction is, that the privileges and benefits of the library shall always be accessible to the one sex, as to the other; and that no person, on account of their race, or complexion, or condition, shall be shut up from these privileges and benefits, or, in any degree, curtailed of them.

As to the character of the library—I have only to say, that my warm wish is, that no books unfriendly to truth and purity may ever find a place in the library.

* * * * * * *

With great regard your friend, Gerrit Smith.

Homage for the Rising Sun.—The man who welcomed the President to Philadelphia upon a recent occasion was Morton McMichael, Esq., one of the Editors of the *North American*, the leading Whig paper of Pennsylvania. Here is an extract from his speech:

"I do not, on this occasion, by any means, propose to speak for your Democratic friends (addressing the President), they spoke very audibly to-day, and also last fall [much merriment]. But I see many Whigs about me. [A voice—"Only a few that are left." Laughter.] By no means, my friend—there are many thousands of them still; but in their behalf I desire to say to you that we welcome not alone the President of the United States, but Franklin Pierce [loud applause]. So long as the President of the United States acts upon the principles he has already declared, and stands by them at all hazards and at all risks, so long will the people of the United States stand by their President, whether he be a Whig or a Democrat [enthusiastic applause].

This is by no means the only sign of fraternity between Hunker Democrats and Fugitive Slave Law Whigs. The two classes are destined, sooner or later, like kindred drops, to mingle into one. The sooner the better.

Merited Rebuke.—The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* having sneered at Maria Weston Chapman as "a Garrisonite of the most zealous school, who, like many others of the 'tip-top aristocracy' of this country, thinking her daughters cannot be educated in America, has gone to the French capital to 'polish them off' in that moral and religious city," the Philadelphia *Daily Register* (edited by Prof. Birney, formerly a resident of Paris), thus rebuked its ill-mannered neighbour.

Had we not been honoured with the acquaintence of the accomplished and intelligent lady, whose mode of educating her children is thus rudely made a matter of newspaper discussion, we should have imposed silence on our indignation. 'Rudely,' did we say? The word is feebie to express the character of the insinuation in the last part of the period we have quoted. We cannot believe that the proprietor of the *Bulletin* was aware of the gross insult thus offered the wife of one of the most respected citizens of Boston. He has protested too sincerely against a similar violation of the privacy of his own domestic life, to approve the assault on an absent lady. On his return from the Cape, he will, we doubt not, disavow all participation in it. It makes no difference in this matter, whether Mrs. Chapman belongs to the Garrisonite school or not. For aught we know, she may. She has a right to belong to any school she pleases. We never heard her utter a word on the subject of Slavery. Persons of all opinions—Legitimist, Orleanist, Republican and Socialist—met in her saloon in Paris—and all of them regarded her as an amiable lady, a dignified matron, and an affectionate parent. Her children—who are both grown up—are worthy of the mother. We trust that no outrage of a licentious press will again force us to defend their right to visit, as other Americans, any country they please.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

J. H. Girley, for twenty years a slave in Virginia, has appeared as an Anti-Slavery lecturer in New Hampshire. A correspondent of the *Independent Democrat* says, "he is a man of marked ability, and addresses the people with energy and power, although but a few years from the house of bondage."

——The first number of the German *German National Democrat* has been issued at Washington. It is a handsome paper, but, having no knowledge of the language in which it was printed, we are unable to express any opinion of its contents. The type of its Anti-Slavery is, we suppose, that of the Free Soil journals. We have no doubt it will do a great deal of good in disseminating light among our German population, who are so generally victimized by the sham Democracy.

——A very interesting meeting of coloured people was held on Monday evening of last week, at the First American Congregational Church in Sixth street. The first speaker was Wm. Howard Day, Esq., of Cleveland. Mr. D. is a graduate of Oberlin, a young man of fine talents, and an able speaker. He has issued a prospectus for a new weekly paper, to be entitled the *Aliened American*, for which we hope he may find abundant patronage. The *Tribune* says his speech was learned and eloquent. He was followed by J. Mercer Langston, of Elyria, Ohio, another graduate of Oberlin, and one who is about to enter into the profession of the law with very flattering prospects. The *Tribune* says his remarks would have honoured the halls of Congress; and yet he was, a few years since, a Virginia slave. He was manumitted and sent to Oberlin to be educated. The concluding speech of the evening was made by our friend William C. Nell, of Boston, than whom there is not in the country a more unselfish and devoted friend of the oppressed.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

The Legislature has given the people of this city authority to open and lay out two grand Parks—the Central and Jones's Wood. It only remains for the people to avail themselves of the power thus granted, which we trust they will have the good sense to do.

——The corner stone of the new Universalist College, to be known as Tuft's College, in honour of its principal founder, was laid in Medford, near Boston, on the 9th instant. A large body of the denomination was present, and the stone was laid, with the usual ceremonies, by Rev. Dr. Ballou, the President.

——Commencement at Harvard University took place on the 20th. The usual number of D. D.s and L. L. D.s were put through the corporation mill. Rev. H. W. Bellows, of New York, delivered the oration, and James T. Fields, of Boston, the poem, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The Psi Upsilon Society also held a Convention and an oration was pronounced before them by E. P. Whipple, of Boston, and a poem by John G. Saxe, of Burlington, Vt.

——The *Tribune* says that Freeman Murrows, of Brooklyn, a coloured man, has invented an "Adjustable Brush" for Whitewashing, Painting, Varnishing, &c. &c., which seems a real improvement on the clumsy article commonly in use, and, as it increases the cost but a trifle, if anything, we trust it will be very generally adopted. The inventor says: "This invention remedies the defects of brushes in common use, having fixed and immovable handles, and consists in so connecting the handle and the brush, by means of adjustable joints, that the brush can be adjusted to any desired position and angle with its handle." We commend it especially to the attention of brush makers.

——The Hartford *Republican* (one of the best Free Soil journals that we see) ventures to speak its mind respecting the clergy with commendable freedom, though with discriminations which it evidently hopes will save it from the denunciations that are heaped upon papers of *our* school. It declares its opinion that, judged by their public acts, "the American Clergy and the American Church, as a whole, reckoning North and South, are publicly known as the apologists of Negro Slavery;" but it at the same time expresses its belief "that two-thirds, and probably outside of Boston and New York, nine-tenths of the clergymen and church-members in the Free States, hate the institution of Negro Slavery as it exists in the Southern States of this Union." But what is this "hatred of Slavery" good for, when those who cherish it are so subservient to the ruling power in their respective denominations, that they dare not give heed to the despairing wail of the slave, or to utter a single bold and earnest word for freedom? Is not faith without works dead? And what did any Abolitionist ever say of the Church more severe than is fairly implied in this remark of the *Republican*? We warn our colemporary that his profession of "respect and reverence for the Bible, a pure Religion and a purified Church" (made no more sincerely than almost any Abolitionist *of our* school could make it), will not be accepted as a *quip pro quo* for a license to tell the whole truth of the popular clergy and church. They will let him talk to a certain extent without resistance, but if they find that he is really in earnest, and bent upon carrying out his doctrines to their logical end, he may expect to be denounced as an 'infidel,' as we are. The only sin of the Garrisonians is the sin of being in earnest—of meaning what they say—of never talking for Buncombe.

——As we often speak a good word for the advocates of Woman's Equality, it is only fair to give an occasional thrust from the other side. Rev. Mr. Sears, the successor of Horace Mann in the Secretaryship of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, in a recent discourse, utters himself as follows:

We may be reminded of the alleged equality of the sexes, and of the rights of woman growing out of that equality. There is much sublime nonsense uttered on this subject, and with most persons it passes for just what it is worth. A few women, who, by the way, ought to have been men, and a few men, who ought to have been women, have been strenuously endeavouring of late, to alter the structure of society, and to accomodate it to their own unnatural tastes. It seems never to have occurred to these abnormal specimens of humanity, that one of the highest of woman's rights is the right to be a woman. Have women the right to hold the plow, to harrow the fields, to quarry the granite, to drift lumber down the eastern rivers, to be masons and carpenters, to drive cattle to the market, to be employed on rail-ways and in river navigation, and even to go before the mast? While the sexes keep within their respective spheres, a spirit of gallantry will give to woman more of ease, of honour and of privilege than she could claim on the ground of equality.

——The Tribune suggests a plan to enable poor people to visit the Crystal Palace. It is worthy of consideration.

There will of course be special or extra trains run from almost every point of the compass—we presume as far as Bangor in the East, from Montreal and Ogdensburgh in the North, from Cleveland, if not from Chicago and Cincinnatti, in the West, and from Baltimore, and perhaps from Richmond, in the South, expressly to bring passengers to the Exhibition and return them to their homes. On these trains, the fare charged to those who seasonably procure tickets will not exceed half the charge by the regular trains. We are sure the citizens of any county where such excursion tickets are not spontaneously offered may easily obtain them by applying at the nearest railroad office of any account and bargaining for the conveyance of not less than two or three hundred. If five hundred to a thousand can be found to unite in the excursion, the charge per head will be still lower. And those who provide themselves with something to eat by the way will find the comfort of the journey decidedly enhanced.

In all cases, all the residents of a town or village who mean to come at all should come together if possible, and if all who are coming from a county can do so, the pleasure of a trip will be sensibly heightened. And, as there are many who will not prefer to stop at expensive hotels, it will be well to send a competent person who knows the city, a day or two ahead to engage lodgings or board as may be preferred for so many of the party as will not stop with friends, and wish to be eligibly, and at the same time, economically located. Though it should be necessary to divide the party, this will still insure a decided saving.

We urge those who may come to *give themselves time*. None who visit our city from a distance of some hundreds of miles, and may never come again, should stint themselves to less than three days, and they can spend a week here most profitably.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR ST. LOUIS CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, July 10, 1853.

Friend Johnson: You ask in your last that I should give you my views of Slavery. Since my removal into a slave State, they have undergone some change, and are daily doing so; not that I feel that Slavery is any less, or any more, a wrong; but I feel, as I have never done before, its terrible influences upon the master as well as the slave—upon the free white man who spurns the idea of holding his fellow-man in bondage, as well as the white man who is not *free* enough to know that the colour of a man's skin is not a sufficient excuse for brutifying him—for robbing him, day by day, of his own earnings, and selling him, body and soul, to the highest bidder. Talk with the slave-owners, and the majority will acknowledge Slavery to be an unmitigated evil. But they say, "What can we do?" Their query seems to me like the cry of the man in the dark, who hangs suspended, one foot from the ground, and does not let go his hold above, lest he should be dashed to pieces. Education, habit, interest, all unite to blind the eyes of the slave-owners. "If I could get rid of mine," said a lady to me, the other day, "I would *never, never* have one again; but I will not sell them. Sell them! I would as soon sell my own children. I am not able to emancipate; and if I were, they can't take care of themselves. What can I do?" So they feel.

The slave-owners here are very few, but the slave interest rules the city. Oh! to think of it, that men brought up in the free States, who will not own slaves themselves, yet boldly and unblushingly defend it, and talk of the negro as less than a *man*, unfitted for freedom! We can find some excuse for the slaveholder's blindness, but not one jot or tittle for the Northern man who thus, without cause or provocation, stultifies his conscience and defends the darkest and deepest wrong that ever was laid upon a nation or a world. I pity the slave-owners—aye, pity them, from the depths of my soul. The everlasting watching and fearing—the constant effort to extort labour from unwilling and uninterested hands—their utter dependence, for all life's comforts, upon stupified intellects and brutalized passions—the annihilation, as it were, of one's own better nature before they can consent to become sole owners of the life and strength of another, whom they all-acknowledge to be human—the temptations which irresponsible power lays before them, to become tyrannical as well as licentious—the degradation of labour and consequent idleness and vice—all these things move me to pity, and make me hate, with a more bitter and uncompromising hatred, the whole system of Slavery.

I have seen no instance of personal violence since I came to the city. But what of that? Need I to see the galled and bleeding back, or to hear the cries of the slave mother as her child is torn from her embrace, to realize that all that is horrible and awful must exist under the system of Slavery, when my morning paper—the *St. Louis Republican*, one of the best city papers in the West (so it is said)—brings to me, every day, such advertisements as these, the first taken from the paper of to-day, and the other from one of a little older date that happens to be near me? Think not these are extras. Day by day they come to make my heart burn with indignation and my eyes drop tears of sorrow:

NEGRO WOMAN FOR SALE

A good cook and laundry servant, aged 35 years, and warranted perfectly sound in body and mind. Inquire of Mr. G. BULLO, 29 Poplar street. jel8 1w*

NEGRO GIRL AT PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at the Court House on Saturday, 25th inst., between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, a Negro Girl, about 10 years of age, belonging to the estate of Henry Gimlin, and sold by order of the Probate Court of St. Louis county.

[je15 td] JAMES BISSELL, Adm'r.

FOR SALE.

A likely Negro Woman, about 38 years old—a good cook, and first rate house servant, speaking both the English and French languages. For particulars, enquire at Mr. FLANDRY'S, on Poplar street, between Main and Second, No. 40. je15 1w*

FOR SALE.

Four likely young negroes, one girl twenty years of age, with a girl child. The girl is a good cook, washer and ironer, and general house servant. Also two girls, one eleven and the other fifteen years of age, all just from the country, and fully guaranteed in every respect. Call between Sixth and Seventh streets, on Chestnut street, under the sign "Negroes bought here."

NEGRO WOMAN RUNAWAY.

Ranaway from the subscriber, in Central township, St. Louis county, on the 26th ult., a dark negro woman, about 18 or 20 years of age, low and chunky, large white eyes, ankles bend in. A reward of twenty-five dollars will be paid if taken in Missouri, or one hundred dollars if taken out of the State, and secured so that I get her. The woman's name is MARIA.

jy3 2w* MARGARET BOSWELL.

B. M. LYNCH,

No. 104 Locust street, St. Louis, Missouri, Is prepared to pay the highest prices, in cash, for good and likely negroes, or will furnish boarding for others, in comfortable quarters, and under secure fastenings. He will also attend to the sale and purchase of negroes on commission.

☞ Negroes for sale at all times. feb26 d&wtf

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

Ranaway from the subscriber, on the 23d instant, a Negro Man, named LEWIS. He had on at the time mixed pants and a blue plaid jacket, but may change his apparel, as he has other clothes in abundance. He is about 28 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in height, of copper colour, and is subject to frequent coughing; his walk is peculiar, as his feet neither turn in or out, but are kept almost in a direct line when walking. His relatives reside in the neighbourhood of Springfield, Mo., and it may be that he is making his way in that direction, unless he endeavours to get into a free State.

I will give the above reward of $100 (with all necessary expenses) if taken out of the State, and $50 if taken within the State, and returned to me at St. Louis.

feb25 d&wtf HENRY L. TEVIS, of Tevis, Sons & Co.

NEGROES WANTED.

I will pay, at all times, the highest price in cash for all good negroes offered. I am buying for the Memphis and Louisiana markets, and can afford to pay, and will pay, as high as any trading man in this State. All those having negroes to sell will do well to give me a call, on Chestnut street, between Sixth and Seventh, near the city jail, St. Louis, Mo. THOS. DICKINS,

o18-6m* of the late firm of Bolton, Dickins & Co.

NEGROES WANTED.

The subscribers are paying the very highest prices for negroes. Persons in any part of the State wanting to sell will please write, describing negro fully. We will also attend to the sale of negroes on commission, our yard and all being a suitable place for boarding them. [o31] McAFEE & BLAKEY, No. 89 Olive st.

ONE HUNDRED NEGROES WANTED.

Having just returned from Kentucky, I wish to purchase one hundred likely Negroes, consisting of men and women, boys and girls, for which I will pay in cash from fifty to one hundred dollars more than any other trading man in the city of St. Louis or the State of Missouri. I can at all times be found at Barnum's City Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

je14 d&wly JOHN MATTINGLY.

In sight of the window by which I write is an old frame building, with barred windows, over the door of which, in large block letters, is the announcement, "Negroes Bought Here." Close by, looms up the steeple of "Grace Church," and within two squares the Court House of the city, where men dispense Justice—and sell Humanity! Need I to see and hear, with such things before me, to imagine all the sorrow and woe, all the crime and shame, all the pain and anguish to soul and body, that must grow out of the inhuman traffic?

But the Anti-Slavery leaven is at work. The city is full of haters of the system. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Key' are everywhere discussed, *pro* and *con*. The *National Era*, New York *Tribune*, &c., are largely taken; and the voice of woman, low and soft, but "firm and kind," is raised against its abominations. God speed the time when this great City of Churches shall hear from its teachers the true doctrine of the Gospel, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

Frances D. Gage.

LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

Parker Pillsbury says, in his late speech before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, "The West has lifted up its cry, and to-day we are appealed to, to come over and help them." And again, "I think the best way to advance the cause here in Massachusetts, and over our whole soil, is to send some of our most efficient agents to cultivate that Western field."

As stated in a letter published in your paper last Winter, from this State, erroneously headed A Letter from Michigan, the American Anti-Slavery Society have not yet embraced Wisconsin as a portion of its Western tillage ground. The hope was therein expressed that the coming season would bring among us some one or more of the noble-hearted pioneers, to scatter the good seed of the kingdom upon this soil, so well prepared by the self-denying Mathews and a few coadjutors.

That the appeal of Mr. Pillsbury, backed up by his co-labourers, who know and feel the truthfulness of that appeal, will be followed by an effort worthy the bold daring, the watchful, earnest, effective effort of the organization, we do not doubt. But as the field already explored demands so vast an amount of labourers, the fear that its area may not be enlarged the present season moves the pen that appeals to you with the cry, "Westward, ho! Westward!" Ye friends of humanity, ye apostles of reform, come thither to strengthen the weak, to embolden the timid, to "lay hands," as it were, upon those ready to give themselves to the work, or instruct them to stand aside while you will see the field supplied with more effective labourers. Come, traverse the Counties of Racine, Walworth and Rock, if ye can wend your way no farther. Your seed will not fall on naked granite rock or amid a thorny hedge. The scare-crow cry, "Infidel, infidel," will cause the way-side scatterings to remain long enough for the dust raised by the zephyr breath of love to imbed them in the soil, and, once imbedded, the tear-drops of humanity, which are falling thick and fast all over the land, on sterile barren heights, and burning sandy plains, and rich and fertile fields, will moisten and nourish, causing germination and growth, so that, ere long, the labourer shall return and behold that his labour was not in vain in the Lord. The fogs of a deadly, miasmatic Theology, that have settled down so heavily upon many portions of the country, have not so condensed here as to put out the moral vision, or chill, until congealed to adamant, the heart's sensibilities. There exists a spirit of free inquiry, of investigation, that does honour to our rising State. There is an intelligence that will know, a purpose that will dare, a will that will execute. The doctrine of a common humanity, a universal brotherhood, is discerned and received by too many for priestly rule or ecclesiastical domination. And yet, in some localities, there is a fearful retrograde movement that is causing even the "stones to cry out." And, since voice is given to them—they call to you, O! ye heralds of the nation's salvation, and they would swell the volume of sound until it rolls along o'er the thundering main and strikes upon a listening ear, and bid you together come, sow and reap, and know he that reapeth shall tread upon the heel of him that soweth, and both rejoice together.

If Mr. Garrison's late speech, so clearly defining the position of the American Society, and like documents, could be circulated here, they would do much toward preparing the way for the reception of agents. Unfortunately, as it seems, those who desire to circulate such documents have not the requisite means for obtaining them.

The *National Era* has so many firm supporters, and as it can be obtained at a far less expense than the *Standard*, efforts to introduce your invaluable paper have hitherto proved fruitless. Do not despair, however, yet of its finding friends and supporters here.

Respectfully thine, A.

Delavan, 7 mo. 3, 1853.

SUMMARY.

What's in a Name?—The town of *Freedom*, Washtenaw County, at the late election, cast 43 votes for the liquor law, and 182 against it—a majority of 139 against.

Right.—The Lowell girls, when they hear that one of their number has married a worthless fellow, always exclaim, "another suicide."—*Windham Co. (Vt.) Democrat.*

Southern Justice.—On the 4th., a runaway slave was shot dead in a cave in Adams Co., Miss. He neither ran nor resisted his assailant. And yet a jury found a verdict of justifiable homicide!

Death of a Cherokee Chief. The *Cherokee Advocate*, published at Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, announces the death of Richard Taylor, Second Chief of the Cherokee Nation. He died on the 19th ult., after a long and painful illness.

Very True.—The *Christian Era* very pertinently remarks: "Our young people will do well to remember that it is no use to pray to God to save them from the cholera, while they swallow inordinate quantity of unripe cherries."

The Legislative Assembly of New York, on the 21st, rejected the Maine Law, 56 to 54. For the bill, *thirty* Whigs, *twenty-three* Democrats, and Mr. Burroughs (Ind.) elected mainly by Whig votes. Against the bill *five* Whigs and *fifty-one* Democrats. Absent, *six* Whigs and *twelve* Democrats.

Working Both Ways.—The coloured people of Cincinnati have established a theatre in that city. In imitation of their pale-faced brethren they have kindly appropriated a place in the third tier for the *whites*. They are decidedly opposed to the promiscuous mingling of colours.—*A. S. Bugle.*

Celebration of Coloured Citizens.—Tuesday the 5th, was celebrated by the coloured citizens of Binghampton, N. Y., who are numerous and respectable, in a very enthusiastic and creditable manner, in commemoration of the emancipation of the slaves of New York, July 7, 1827.

Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro, it is stated, is perfectly relieved of a painful disease of seventeen years standing, by a recent surgical operation. It consisted in the removal of six large hemorrhoidal tumors by tying and cutting, and was performed by Dr. McCall, assisted by Dr. Wolcot of Utica.

A Political Sign.—The Whigs of California propose to abandon Whiggery and its organization, and unite with others in forming a new organization, to be called the "California Republican Party." In their circular containing this proposition, they say "the name Whig, if continued, can no be made sufficiently broad to cover many of the progressive ideas of the day."

The "Pilgrim Society" have resolved upon celebrating the anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, August 1, 1620, at Plymouth, a fortnight from Monday next. Great preparations have been made, and a marshal and some thirty-six assistants, and two aids, have been appointed. No doubt it will be a great time.

Sad Casualty.—On the morning of the Fourth, as one of the lady passengers to Newburgh, by the steamboat North America, was standing by the side railing with her baby in her arms, the infant gave a sudden spring and jumped into the water. Every exertion was made to rescue the child, but without avail; it was swept away by the tide and drowned.

Not by Authority.—The Washington *Union* admits that it did not profess to speak for the Administration the other day, when it broached the enormous doctrine that the emancipation of the slaves in Cuba by Spain would call for armed interference from the United States to prevent the decree from taking effect.

Cotton Matresses.—The New York *Day Book* says that cotton is now extensively used in the manufacture of mattresses. By a patented process, the cotton is prepared in the form of felting, permanently elastic, and otherwise well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed.

Rev. Charles Wheeler Dennison, who deserted Websterism for Pierce and a Penetentiary Chaplaincy, writes that he formerly withdrew from all Anti-Slavery connections fourteen years ago. That is a long while ago for Charley to remember, but as he withdrew from all honest and honourable connections quite as far back as that, we won't say but he is right.—*Lowell American.*

Coloured communicants in the South number largely. A cotemporary makes the following statements—There are about 150,000 coloured members of the Southern Methodist Church; 120,000 in the Baptist; 10,000 in the Presbyterian; and in other churches about 20,000; making a total of 300,000 Think of it! 300,000 *Christians* held as goods and chattels, a large portion of them by their own brethren in the church!

Copper of Michigan.—The propeller Globe brought to Detroit from the Sault, on her last trip, 208 tons of mass copper, 127 tons of which were left at the Detroit of Smelting Works. The Detroit *Tribune* states that some of the masses of pure copper weighed 4,000 pounds, and the whole cargo would average more than 75 per cent. The weekly value of copper now coming down from the California of Michigan is not less than $100,000, and it will continue to average that figure for some weeks to come.

Coloured Masters of Vessels at this Port.—Joseph P. Taylor, of this city, and James Turner, of Cambridge, Mass., both coloured, have purchased the schooner Jerome, of which Mr. Taylor owns three quarters, and is master and managing owner.

Elbridge P. Talbot (coloured) has recently purchased a quarter of schooner Sarah, and is master.

John Douglass (coloured) is master of the schooner Utica, owned by John B. Brown. Esq.—*Portland Argus.*

Florida Law.—Judge Forward, of the Duval Circuit Court of Florida, lately held that the fact of a peron being a negro is, in that State, and even in a criminal case, *prima facie* evidence of Slavery. Taking such a decision as *prima facie* evidence of the universal presumption of criminal law, that a man is innocent till he is proved guilty, would not one be likely to say that the fact of a Judge's being of Florida is *prima facie* evidence that he is either a knave or a fool?—*Lowell American.*

Discussions on Slavery take a wide range in the West, knowing not the finite "finalities." For a given party, dress or policy, there is but litle enthusiasm; still such thoughts have possessed the people that "Union-saving" stock is below par, and the belief is current, that the authors of the late black laws in Illinois have, with evil intention, so complished for the slave, fomenting agitation and awakening disgust, what the warmest and most intelligent friendship could not.—*Cor. Independent.*

Oil of Toads.—The Auburn (N. Y.) *Advertiser*, under the head of "Something New," notices a collection of six or seven hundred toads—all alive and kicking—which were destined to be boiled down for the oil which is in them, and which forms one of the ingredients of a new rheumatic ointment.

We suspect that the "oil of toads," in the shape of ointment or something else, is getting to be very extensively used, judging from the amount of "toadyism" one meets with.—*Erie Gazette.*

The St. Louis correspondent of the Savannah *Georgian* says that a singular mode of betting is resorted to on Sundays, on the Western waters, on which day there is no card playing allowed. The gamblers sit around a table, each having a lump of sugar, a stake is put up by the players, and he upon whose lump a fly lights first wins the "pile." They also make side bets among themselves upon this important event. The excitement often waxes high as the fly hovers over and around the sweet morsel undecided upon which to feast.

Turnpike to the Top of Mount Washington.—Owing to the indefatigable exertions of David O. Macomber, Esq., a gentleman well and favourably known to many of our citizens, a charter has been granted by the New Hampshire Legislature to him and certain others therein named, to construct a turnpike road to the summit of Mount Washington, commencing at a point in or near Peabody River valley, and continuing from the summit to some point north of the north westerly side, between the notch of the White Mountains in Crawford's grant and the Cheney Mountains.—*Portland Argus.*

Discussion.—In the State of Missouri, Slavery is often denounced with a will. Large bills advertising "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the "Key," are posted in many places. I saw the book in many hands, and discussion is a certain consequence. The sentiment is even now expressed, that the State which is to have a thousand miles of railroad in five years, could afford to buy and liberate all its slaves, and be the richer in dollars by the rise of her lands, such would be the increase in immigration. Col. Benton's warmest supporters among the Germans in the State are known to be decidedly Anti-Slavery.—*Cor. Independent.*

An Amusing Incident.—The *Journal of Commerce* tells the following story:

One incident in the Presidential procession, trifling in itself, occasioned a good deal of amusement. When Gen. Pierce had got as far up as the head of Wall street, his horse became restive, and came in collision with the animal rode by Gen. Sandford. As the President was riding with his hat in his hand, the hat received the brunt of the shock, and suffered severely, being badly stove in and indented. The General was too much engaged to notice the catastrophe, and soon put on the hat in its unfortunate condition, and retained it in its place for about a block, exciting roars of laughter among the boys.

The St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad from Montreal to the Vermont State Line, is now completed and in operation, and in connection with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence forms a continuous line of railway from Portland to Montreal via the foot of the celebrated White Mountains of New Hampshire. Pleasure-seekers may now leave New York at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and reach the base of the White Mountains at 5 on the following afternoon, thence they may visit Niagara Falls via Montreal, the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario, and return in very brief time and make the entire circuit by railroad and steamboat.

Fugitive Slaves.—The party who followed the negroes, says the Maysville *Eagle*, that escaped from Fleming county on Sunday, came up with them on Friday night, near Rainsboro, O., near fifty-five miles from the river. The negroes in the charge of a white man named Sumner, fired on their pursuers, and a bloody fight ensued, in which the negro man of Mr. McDowell and a girl of Ed. Pearce, were shot and badly wounded, but succeeded in escaping. Sumner was shot and badly beaten. A negro man, belonging to Mr. Dobyns, near Lewisburg, had joined them, and after being severely cut, was taken prisoner, and brought to this city and lodged in jail.—*Louisville Courier*, 14th.

There are now no less than seventy-three Free Soil and five old society Anti-Slavery papers published, and new ones are continually starting—this is one of the most cheering features of the times. Enlist the power of a free press, and there is no power in earth or hell that can prevent the final triumph of truth. It is the agency through which mind struggles with mind in a mighty polemic warfare, from which truth alone can finally escape defeat. The cheap newspaper system of the United States can only be appreciated by comparing the general intelligence of the American people with the almost brutish ignorance which is the distinguishing feature of the ordinary class in other countries. But, how little is it appreciated!—*Springfield (Vt.) Telegraph.*

Yankee Skill.—Worcester is one of the busiest of New England's manufacturing hives. Its skilled mechanics are constantly turning out something new. One of the latest is a Cotton Picker. It is a machine having an internal organism moved by a clock-spring. Its external form is that of an acute-angled triangle, with two equal sides, nearly four feet long, the third side being about one foot. An endless chain is made to pass over the acute angle, the chain being so made as to seize, at that point, substance of the nature of cotton, and convey it to the other end of the machine, where it is dropped into a bag. The machine is hung by a strap over the shoulder, and it is made to do the work of ten men in the field.

If this should succeed, it will not only diminish the price of cotton, but do away with the necessity of slave labour.

Railroads.—The Hudson River and other railroads have enlarged the field tenfold from which the daily food of our city can be so cheaply brought. Dressed meats are coming by the cars from distances not before thought of; and this movement suggests that all the meats for our market might be dressed in meadows and by river sides, as remote as the valleys of the Mohawk and the Susquehanna, leaving there all those parts of the animal which are a nuisance to us, and an enrichment to the lands of those regions. Arrangements are now in progress to bring milk from five counties north of Troy, and two of them in Vermont.

Fire on the Pine Plains.—During the last week a fire commenced on the Plains a few miles north of here, which has done a great amount of damage. The flames spread with a rapidity of the wind, and the woods were soon a complete sea of fire. The destruction of property, in the shape of green timber, has been, we understand, very extensive. At some places along the road leading from the Great Bend to Sterlingville, the occupants and owners of buildings have had all they could attend to to save them from destruction. Freeman's Hotel, at Great Bend, was several times in imminent danger of destruction, but by great exertion the flames were arrested within a few rods of the house. How far east of the plank road the fire has extended, we are not able to state; but as far as the eye can reach it presents an awful appearance; huge volumes of flame and smoke meet the sight. The origin of the fire we are not enabled to state. —*Dem. Union, Watertown, July 20.*

Calamity at Niagara.—A boat containing three men was, on Tuesday, swept down the rapids at Niagara Falls. The third, named Joseph Abe, was caught among some rocks, and almost on the very brink of the Falls. Boats were immediately sent out to rescue him from his perilous situation, but were instantly swamped in the rapids. Meanwhile, crowds of strangers and a great number of citizens thronged to the banks, and the most painful excitement prevailed. Orders were quickly sent to Buffalo for a life-boat, with which it was hoped the unfortunate man could be rescued; but the boat proved too light, and immediately swamped. A raft was then floated out to him, which he got on, when they sent out another life-boat, and as he was getting ready to get into it, the boat struck the raft and swept him off into the rapids. He

Miscellaneous Department.

NEGRO PREDESTINATION.

Mr. Carlyle has reprinted, with some additions, from *Fraser's Magazine*, the paper on "Black Quashee," which excited some amusement, much indignation, and much disgust nearly four years ago. It is often asserted that Carlyle has no system of thought. Systematic he certainly is not; but, like all thoroughly able men, his thought is cast in a single mould; he has not one mode of thinking and feeling in politics and another in morals and religion. It is recorded of him that the only theological system which ever excited his sympathy and strong admiration is rigid Calvanism. "The lad," said Dr. Chalmers of Carlyle, one day, in his own benignant way, "the lad looks with a most graphic and intelligent eye on the peculiarities of Calvinism, having a sort of regard, too, for them; and yet * * *" Here the cautious Dr. Hanna steps in with decent astericks, forbidding us to know the rest. But "the lad" himself has hinted to us, in maturer publications, where the difficulty really lay. "Calvanism itself," he everywhere seems to say, "is not so bad a system. It is a wholesome, straightforward, uncompromising system of divine despotism. Man has no questions to ask, and must take his fate as it comes. If he is spoiled first and cursed afterwards, what better could be done with an unsuccessful human experiment? And where previous elements had been infused which made it all worth while, he is carefully saved. So far Calvanism seems judicious in itself, and is it not verified by all observed fact? But then that difficult article of 'Personal God.'* Could an enlightened public be easily got to *worship* the author of such a system? Would it not rather interfere with the whole matter, and perhaps render it altogether unbelievable? If only 'the Gods,' or 'Destiny,' or the 'Eternal Laws,' or 'Fortune,' could be substituted, then this account of the universe might, perhaps, hang together. If there were no person to whom injured Humanity could present grievances, it might submit patiently to the stream of events. The right of might would then get itself recognised, and every usurping capability consider itself discharged from the paralyzing sense of responsibility."

Accordingly, Mr. Carlyle has accepted a kind of impersonal Calvanism, and applied it to society and politics. The "eternal laws" are a beneficent scourge to man. Might not man also wield a beneficent whip over the lower provinces of the universe—hitherto sunk in chaos—and scourge them into a partial, not intolerable kosmos? "To no man does Fortune throw open all the kingdoms of this world, and say, It is thine; choose where thou wilt dwell! To the most she opens hardly the smallest cranny or doghutch, and says, not without asperity, There, that is thine whilst thou canst keep it; nestle thyself there, and bless Heaven."† *That* is Mr. Carlyle's interpretation of Nature and Providence; and he is anxious that we should accept the suggestion from the "Eternal laws" above, and pass it on to the provinces beneath. Fate deals hardly with us, and so squeezes out of us the most possible; were it not the highest beneficence to be ourselves a Fate to the Negro, and, "not without asperity," press out of him the largest yield of physical labour of which he is capable?

"Heaven's laws are not repealable by Earth, however Earth may try. . . . That, you may depend on it, my obscure black friends, is, and was always, the Law of the World, for you and for all men. To be servants, the more foolish to the more wise; and only sorrow, futility and disappointment will betide both, till both, in some approximate degree, get to conform to the same." This is the law of Negro Predestination; Nature made them to serve the whites, and we are to conform to Nature's suggestion, on pain of being abolished ourselves.

Now all this is very sad and very flippant falsehood; at least, so it must appear to those who believe in the "Personal God;" who regard the moral nature of man as His first care, and their first care; who conceive that to call out into life, however faint, the consciousness of personal duty and freedom, and the solemn knowledge of the dangers and the happiness of divine obligation, is an infinitely higher purpose of the eternal government than any amount of external industry, or even its glorious results in "sugar, cinnamon and peppers, black and grey."

The real root of any true enthusiasm for negro emancipation lies in this, that we know the African to have a moral nature like our own; that we know the exercise and education of that nature is quite inconsistent with our being to him a mere Fate, an oppressive edition of "eternal laws;" that we know heavy external pressure to be as fatal to the growth of a personal conscience as it is to the physical development of a flower. And yet many who *dare* not avow the political Calvinism of Mr. Carlyle, who dare not say that poor Quashee was born to serve, and must be made to fulfil his destiny, take up a feeble preparation of the same theory, when they say, "Take them away to Liberia, there is nothing to be done with them while they remain in contact with the white; we don't like to see them hurt, but they must either go and live by themselves or remain as slaves to a radically superior race." This is really and truly rose-pink sentimentalism, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, in its worst form. For it is mere shrinking from the *pain* of Slavery, without any care to solve the moral problem, without any real care for the moral nature of the slave.

This view is taken by a class of writers who admit that the Africans themselves are unwilling to go away to Liberia. "Unaccountably," they say, "the blacks won't consult their own interests;" not the less, however, do they take up the maxims of the fatality school, and oppose steps towards freedom that are not to issue in emigration.‡ We find really much more to respect in Mr. Carlyle's coarse views than in this miserable form of the despotic theory tinctured with humanity. The problem to be solved is, as Mr. Carlyle says, the true relation between the coloured people and the whites: the Liberian scheme is no solution, but a mere confession that a dissolution of that relation is the only mode of egress. Dissociation would be the most ignominious confession on the part of the whites of an utter incapacity for living with inferiors, without giving the reins to their tyranny and pride; it is a candid admission of moral imbecility in themselves, and of a set purpose never to attempt the duties they have so long neglected. With regard to the coloured races again, it is to admit that they will develop their natural gift better in isolation than in contact with a higher civilization; that the mental attainments of the superior race will produce less benefit than their supercilious arrogance, cruelty and carelessness will produce to the class beneath.

Mr. Carlyle's form of stating the question—consistently with his whole view of Government, human and divine—is this: how can the negro be best *used* by the wiser heads of his divinely-imposed masters? What is the judicious proportion between pain and kindness, which will turn him to most account, keeping him at once in a flourishing condition, the highest state of producing energy? The antithesis to this form of the question, which can alone justify the moral principle of emancipation, is, perhaps, this: What amount of political freedom or political superintendence will most favour the moral development of the coloured races, the growth in them of personal conscience, individual convictions, and self-dependent energies?

While the theory of the predestination of the negro to servitude is retained at all, no mere humanity will succeed in getting him sent to Liberia. A slave without a master is not an object of much greater moral respect than a slave with a master; and public opinion, if only horrified at the atrocities of the relation, will wisely prefer mitigating them by strictly prohibiting cruelty to these higher class of animals, to the summary method of taking off the poke and the curb, and driving them forth again to their native jungles and deserts.

But no one who has earnestly studied the African character in the desire not to judge of what ought to be, by what is, but of what is, by what ought to be, will doubt its fitness for filling special functions in the social body in natural class-alliances, not in menial subordination. That an insurmountable 'physical repulsion' between them and the whites exists, is not true. The elements of social union, and of competent self-directing power, show themselves in that character with greater and greater clearness. To say that a race is destined for Slavery in the nature of things, is indeed a self-contradiction; no Slavery can exist without an evident capacity for freedom. Slavery is a compulsion that determines from outside, actions which might have been determined by capable and voluntary choice from within. Dogs and horses are incapable of being slaves; the presence of a master does not in that case transfer the determining authority from them to us, for no self-determining authority exists at all. And wherever there is the capacity for Slavery, there is therefore the other capacity for freedom, education, and progress. In point of fact, the theory of incurable degradation, of physiological incapacity for improvement, is a theory betraying incapacity for improvement, or wilful blindness. The coloured gross ignorance or wilful blindness. The coloured races are not remarkable for moral attractions; but many of their most unattractive qualities are graces borrowed from their white superiors. The political Calvinism which provides both the sinfulness and the damnation to that injured race, is the moral antithesis of the true government of God, which gives at once the grace to resist sin, and the reward of its resistance.

Mr. Carlyle is struck with the waste in our throwing away so much upon a weak race who cannot make their power felt. Why not let them emancipate themselves? If they deserve freedom, surely they can compel it.

What mournful misreading of history and life! for an historian of the French Revolution, almost incredible! That the single exception in which men have not waited for wrongs to force a redress, but have gone half-way to meet them; in which they have anticipated revolution, by moral sympathy and justice, should be regarded by the author of Chartism of the triumph of "Scoundrelism," is only another proof that sympathy with the lower classes may be merely one form of power-worship; for if not extended to those who cannot enforce their own claims, it probably originates in a kind of intellectual admiration for the vehement passions, the picturesque effects, the mysterious strength of the masses who bring about our European revolution.—*The (London) Inquirer.*

WHAT THE WOMAN DID TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria, and her public-spirited consort, have treated the American people very handsomely. They have omitted no opportunity which has occurred, since they occupied the highest place in England, to show their good will towards us. On the other hand, we are confident that the American people generally have no feelings towards them, but those of respect and kindliness. We cannot deny, that the expression of these feelings on our part has been sometimes a little primitive in its character. For example, it was a well-meant, but superfluous, action of a certain successful Californian gold-digger to send a plain gold ring to each of the royal pair, with a letter, in the postscript of which he intimated that if "their gracious Majesties would have the goodness to send the measures of the fingers of their royal children, he would send them a ring a piece." To the good old lady, who sent Prince Albert half a dozen pair of socks of her own knitting, the praise of good intentions can be awarded with strict justice. Nor would we harshly condemn those enterprising individuals who have sought to turn the Queen of England into an advertisement. One man boldly sent three barrels of superfine flour across the sea, directing one of them to the Queen, the second to the Editor of the *Times*, the third to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen's barrel, he designed, should be made into royal pap, to nourish the heir apparent of the British throne. From the Editor of the *Times*, he expected a "first-rate notice;" first, of the excellence of American institutions, as illustrated in the sample of superfine flour; and secondly, of the particular mill from which the flour was sent. The Archbishop was respectfully notified that his barrel of flour was designed for *sacramental bread!* Two of these barrels, we believe, reached the personages to whom they were directed; but in all London no man could be found, after strict search, who answered to the designation, "Editor of the *Times*." We could mention a long catalogue of similar absurdities; for a steamer seldom sails which does not contain an American offering to European royalty. Sometimes it is a barrel of pork, sometimes it is a lump of maple sugar, sometimes it is Shanghai chickens, sometimes it is a night-cap, and frequently it is a quilt, by which American ladies and American business-men express their good feelings to the occupants of thrones, or call public attention, in two hemispheres to their wares. Only in one instance that we have heard of, has any American made a gift to a royal person the pretext for a mean extortion of money, and that instance was the following:

A Mrs. Blank, of Kuteville, Pennsylvania, a few months ago, sent a much elaborated satin quilt to Queen Victoria. An acknowledgement of the same was received from Colonel Phipps, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, who informed the lady that, though as a rule, the Queen declined to receive presents from any quarter, owing to the vast number that had formerly been offered her, yet in this instance, to show her interest in the productions of American ladies, she had been "graciously pleased" to make an exception; and the quilt was accepted accordingly. So far, all was well. Some time after, however, the quilt-giver writes an epistle to Queen Victoria, detailing the great expenses which had been incurred in the manufacture of the quilt, and intimating that the maker thereof had fully expected to receive from the Queen an equivalent, either in money or in some other form. The next steamer brought a reply from Colonel Phipps, and a draft upon Edwards, Sanford and Co.'s Foreign Express Office for twenty pounds sterling. Col. Phipps' letter we have read. It is couched in terms the most polite, though it is evident enough that he was quite aware of the nature of the act which called it forth.

"Her Majesty," he said, "had directed him to apologize for the delay which had occurred in sending the money. That delay had arisen solely from the fact that her Majesty had not been aware until the receipt of Mrs. Blank's letter, that she was willing to receive anything in return for the article. Her majesty, in fact, had supposed that the quilt had been designed as a present. Her majesty further directed him (Col. Phipps) to cause Mrs. Blank to be informed that it was contrary to her Majesty's rule to receive presents, and that the exceptions which had been hitherto made in favour of American ladies could not be repeated.

It would be a waste of words to say, that this transaction, so far as Mrs. Blank of Kuteville, was concerned, was disgustingly and disgracefully mean. Equally superfluous were it to add, that the conduct of the Queen was handsome and liberal. Meanness is not a characteristic of the American people, and we cannot but feel indignant that, at the only court in Europe for which the American people entertain the slightest respect, the meanness of an American woman should become a bye-word. Doubtless the affair is a standing joke at the Privy Purse office; for we observed that the clerk who copied Colonel Phipps's letter had not been able to deny himself the gratification of placing a minute point of admiration (!) over the syllable "Kute." A lady requests us to wind up this article by saying that if *Mr.* Blank was a party to this extortion, the Kutevillians ought to turn out *en masse* and give him a quilting.—*Home Journal.*

JOHN GLASGOW.

John Glasgow was a native of Demerara, born of free negro parents, whose free condition he inherited as well as their complexion. When quite small he took to the sea, first as a cabin-boy; working his way up until he stood A. B. S. on the ship's register. His first voyages were made on board the small coasters that trade between the West India Islands, but he abandoned the coasting-trade after a few years, and went to and fro to England, improving his opportunities so much, that he saved money, and was regarded as a prosperous man. He then sought a wife. In the immediate neighbourhood of Liverpool—the port he had most frequented—there resided a small farmer who had a daughter. She is said not to have belied the adage which is so complimentary to Lancashire, in respect of its maidens. On the other hand, John Glasgow was a fine fellow, tall of stature and powerful in frame, having a brave look and a noble carriage. He was, moreover, upright in conduct, and of thrifty habits. In fact, save in one particular, he was altogether such a youth as would be most likely to find favour in the eyes of the "Lancashire witches." But, alas, John was black as a coal, and though many admired, none of the Liverpool lasses would "have him for a husband at any price:" at least so the report went out when it became bruited that he was going to marry the farmer's daughter. For his part John said, when he heard it, "that he had never asked them to have him." He felt, in fact, quite happy in the affection of the girl he had chosen, and who had consented to take him for a partner, in spite of his complexion and very woolley hair. So they were married, the young woman's relatives taking her view of matters and coinciding in the opinion that it was wise in her to marry the man she loved, whose sterling qualities she had learned to appreciate.

Being married, however, was not all. John had saved money, it is true, but not sufficient to support a wife in idleness. On the other hand, his spouse's relatives were not in a position to assist them much. They were in a small way, and though the farmer worked hard a-field, and his dame tended the diary and sold eggs and butter at market, their united labours, aided by the good wife's economy, proved barely adequate to meet the expenses of a large family, or left but the smallest surplus sometimes to put by against the contigency of failing crops. Thus the young couple saw that they must depend upon their own exertions, and they set to work accordingly. Through the father's interest, they got into a small farm in the neighbourhood, and John Glasgow invested his savings in the purchase of three horses, a plough and a cart. As his wife had been accustomed to farming operations, she agreed to attend to the concerns of the farm; whilst John—who though well acquainted with the economy of a vessel, from her kelson to her signal halyards, knew nothing at all about farming—determined to continue his calling, and therefore engaged himself as an able-bodied seamen, on board one of the many vessels trading between Liverpool and the West Indies. At the end of his second voyage he found himself the father of a fine brown baby, over which he shed many tears when the time came for him to leave port again. But John and his wife prospered, he in his vocation, she at her farm, and as he had managed to add trade to navigation, there seemed to be a prospect of his amassing wealth in the course of a few years. Indeed, had he only known how to read and write, he might have been mate long ago.

In the year 1830, John Glasgow, being then about twent-five years of age, engaged to go out to Savannah, in Georgia, in an English vessel, and under an English Captain, for a cargo of rice. He was now the father of two children, and his heart yearned more strongly towards them and his wife than it had ever done before. He seemed to be impressed with a foreboding of evil, and half repented having put his mark to the ship's articles. But his wife encouraged him, reminding him of his promise to her that this should be his last voyage to so distant a country, and that on his return he was to confine his trips to the English coast, and never go far from home again. So John kissed his wife and children, and the vessel left the Mersey with a favourable breeze, bearing him away with a sadder heart than he had ever had under similar circumstances. The voyage was prosperous, and the passage a rapid one: too much so for John Glasgow's happiness, as it turned out.

The black law of Georgia, like that of South Carolina, is no respecter of freedom, if it present itself with a coloured skin, and poor John, a freeman born, a British subject and unoffending, was seized, handcuffed like a common felon, conveyed to jail and incarcerated until the vessel that brought him to the port should discharge her cargo, be re-laden, and on the point of sailing away again. What his feelings under such a trial were, we leave our readers to imagine. He had learnt, only too late, that his fate was in the hands of the captain: though, as he had faithfully served him, he doubted not but he would pay the jail-fees and save him from Slavery. Unhappily the ship was detained considerably beyond the time the captain had reckoned upon, owing to delays in the procuring of the cargo. Slave-labour was dear, and the captain had to pay high wages to the slave who had been hired to him to do John Glasgow's work, while John lay pining in jail, desiring nothing so much as that he might be doing it himself. The captain was displeased at being thus imposed upon, especially when he thought of the wages he would have to pay to John Glasgow; and matters in his mind were not improved when, the time came for the ship to sail, he found that the jail-fees for John's release had run up enormously high, and with what he had already paid and would have to pay, made so considerable a sum, that, looking at the whole matter commercially, to hand over so much money was wholly out of the question: and considering it humanely was out of the question too. Besides he was "only a nigger after all;" so the captain refused to pay the jail-fees, and set sail without John, leaving him, as yet, in ignorance of his dreadful fate.

Poor John's wife and children! They were already expecting him home, on the day he was taken out of the jail and sold on the auction block for three hundred and fifty dollars, to Thomas Stevens of Baldwin County, Georgia. He would have fetched more than three times as much, but being "a green hand," he was not worth it. Well, he was marched off to the plantation, and set to work. Here he soon realized the extent of his misfortune. His "brave look" when spoken to, offended his master, who swore he "would flog his nigger pride out of him;" and poor John had to suffer for having the look and carriage of a free man. When he had been some three or four years on the plantation, his master bade him take a wife. John told him he had one in England, and two dear children. Then his master flogged again for saying so, and for insisting upon it that he was free and a British subject. At last, to save his poor body from the torture of the cowhide and the paddle, he promised his master never to say as much again, and to look out for a wife. In Jones County, and about five miles from Stevens' plantation, there lived another planter named John Ward. John Glasgow, having to go backwards and forwards on errands, saw and at length selected a young, bright, coloured girl named Nancy, and they were married, in the way that slaves were; that is, nominally. This did not please Stevens, because Nancy being Ward's property, her children would be Ward's also: so John was flogged for marrying Nancy, instead one of Steven's "likely gals," and was forbidden to visit her. Still he contrived to do so without his master's discovering it. The young woman was of a very sweet disposition, it seems, and knew all about John's misfortunes, and his having a wife and children in England. She was very kind to him, and would weep over him as she dressed his sore and bleeding back when he crept to her log cabin at dead of night; so it was no wonder he came to love her and the three children she bore him, whilst all the time talking of his English wife and children, whom he should never see more: never, never.

One Christmas-day—a holiday for all—he thought he would slip away from the other slaves who were having a feast before Stevens' house, and go see Nancy. Accordingly, watching his opportunity, he soon succeeded in getting away, unobserved as he fancied. Not so, however. His master saw him, but instead of calling him back, maliciously allowed him to get a good distance off, when beckoning to him three other slaves, by name John Brown, March, and Jack, they started in pursuit and soon came up with the object of their search. John Glasgow struggled ineffectually to release himself from the grasp of his comrades, though he knew full well they were only obeying their tyrant master. He was secured and brought back to quarters, and the other slaves were called together to witness the infliction upon him of a punishment called *bucking*. The poor fellow having been stripped stark naked, his hands were fast tied and brought down over his knees, he being compelled, for this purpose, to assume a sitting posture, with his knees doubled up under his chin. A stout stake was then thrust under his hams, so that he was rendered completely powerless. In this position he was turned first on one side and then on the other, and flogged with willow switches and the cowhide, until the blood ran down in streams and settled under him in puddles. For three mortal hours he endured this inhuman punishment, groaning piteously all the time, whilst his master looked on and chuckled. At last he was taken out of the buck, and his lacerated body washed down with salt, red pepper, and water. It was two weeks before he went to work again.

Severe as this torture was, it did not smother John Glasgow's affection for the poor mulatto girl who shared his sorrows, and who was, perhaps, the only human being to whom he durst unburden his whole soul. As soon as he felt able to go so far, that is, in about three months, he made another attempt to see her, was missed, pursued and caught. Then Thomas Stevens swore a fearful oath that he would cure him of "wife-hunting. If he must have a wife, there was a plenty of likely yallow gals on the plantation for such as he to choose from. He might have the pick of 'em. But he (Stevens) wasn't going to let his niggers breed for another man's benefit, not he: so if John couldn't get a wife off the plantation he shouldn't have one at all. But he'd cure him of Nancy any how."

The unfortunate fellow was taken to the whipping-post, which on Stevens' estate consisted of two solid uprights, some ten feet high, with a cross-beam at the top, forming a kind of gallows. Along the cross-beam were three or four massive iron cleets, to which pulleys were fixed, having a fine but closely-twisted cord passing over them. John Glasgow having been stripped, as on the previous occasion, the end of one of these cords was tightly fastened round his wrists. His left foot was then drawn up and tied, toes downwards, to his right knee, so that his left knee formed an angle by means of which, when swung up, his body could conveniently be turned. An oaken stake, about two feet long, was now driven into the ground beneath the cross-beam of the whipping-post, and made sharp at the top with a draw-knife. He was then hoisted up by his hands, by means of the pulley and rope, in such wise that his body swung by its own weight, his hands being high over head and his right foot level with the pointed end of the oaken "stob" or stake.

We may here state that this punishment is called the picket, and by being swung in this manner, the skin of the victim's back is stretched till it shines, and cuts more readily under the lash: on the other hand, if the unhappy sufferer, swinging "between heaven and earth" as it is called, desires to rest, he can do so only by placing the foot that is at liberty, on the sharp end of the stake. The excessive pain caused by being flogged while suspended, and the nausea excited by twirling round, causes the victim of "the picket" to seek temporary relief by staying himself on the "stob." On doing so, for ever so brief a space, one of the bystanders taking hold of the bent knee, and using it as a handle, gives the unfortunate a twirl, and sends him spinning round on the hard point of the stake, which perforates the heel or the sole of the foot, as the case may be, quite to the bone.

John Glasgow thus suspended was flogged and twisted for an hour, receiving "five licks" or strokes of the raw cowhide at a time, with an interval of two or three minutes between, to allow him "to come to, and to fetch his breath." His shrieks and groans were most agonising, and could be heard, at first, a mile and a quarter off, but as the punishment proceeded, they subsided into moans scarcely audible at the distance of fifty paces. All Stevens' slaves were made to stand by during the infliction of the torture, and some of them took turns at the whipping, according to the instructions of their master, who swore he would serve them the same if they refused, or ever disobeyed him as "that cussed nigger there had done." At the end of an hour he was "dropped from the gallows," his back being fearfully lacerated, his wrists deeply cut with the cord, and his foot pierced through in three places. Beneath the beam there was a pool of coagulated blood, whilst the oaken stake was dyed red with that which had streamed from his foot. He could not stand, much less walk, so they carried him to his quarters, where the usual application of salt and water, and red pepper was made to his wounds, and he was left to die or recover, as might be. It was a month before he stirred from his plank, and five months more elapsed ere he could walk. Ever after he had a limp in his gait.

Our informant made his escape from Thomas Stevens', about two years after this horrible punishment had been inflicted on John Glasgow. He does not know whether the husband and the wife ever met again. The last he knows of John's history is, that in 1840, or thereabouts, the poor fellow was felling a white oak in the woods which in falling struck him on his right thigh, just above the knee, and broke it in two. As he was thus rendered comparatively useless for field-work, Thomas Stevens gave him to his son John; who kept him to shell corn off the cob.

Such is the history of a free-born British subject, reduced to Slavery by the operation of a most barbarous and oppressive law. Similar has been the fate of hundreds of others, black, brown, and white, free men and women, born on British, Portuguese, or any other soil, and of whose melancholy end their relatives never learnt. Such, too, is the black law, as actually in force, which sets treaties at naught, and seems to defy even the representatives of Queen Victoria. How long so monstrous an abuse is to permitted to overtake British subjects, or free men of any nation, is a question that will have to be settled by the potent voice of public opinion, should the abuse not be speedily remedied by a modification of the law.

Yet a parting word. Should this narrative—given in substance as we received it from one who was many years John Glasgow's companion in bondage—by chance meet the eye of any person to whom his name or the circumstance of his disappearance are familiar, and lead to a discovery of the whereabouts of the poor fellow's English wife and children, let such a one write to us forthwith, and we will place him and them in communication with our informant, one of whose chief regrets is that he cannot remember the name of the place where John's wife lived. To John he owes a debt of gratitude, for he it was who taught him to love and to seek liberty.—*From the (London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

THE ENDICOTT PEAR TREE.

The venerable Endicott tree still flourishes upon the old "Governor Endicott farm," which is situated in that part of Danvers known as Danvers Port. For a period of two hundred and twenty years it has watched over that spot—Generations of men have come and passed away since it was planted, towns and cities have sprung up around it, and the feeble colony of Massachusetts Bay has become an opulent and powerful people. Two hundred and twenty years! a brief period to look back upon—but an eternity in the future! Yet the old tree has survived the storms and rigours of so many winters, and is now cherished by another race of people as a memorial of days long gone. Hovey's *Magazine of Horticulture* for June contains an article by C. M. Endicott, of Salem, relating to the history of this pear tree. The subject is one of interest to many of our readers, and some of the details may not be unwelcome.

The tree whose fruit resembles a variety of the Bon Chretien, stands upon the farm which was granted Gov. Endicott in 1632, and is said to be a seedling tree of the original orchard which he planted there. This orchard was situated on the southern side of a gentle slope of land, and sheltered by it somewhat from the piercing northerly and norwesterly winds. For six consecutive generations, extending over a space of 185 years the governor and his descendants occupied this farm, which they held solely by the original grant until 1828, a period of 196 years, during which time the tree was never lost sight of by them—thus leaving no opportunity for the usual mists of antiquity to settle down upon its origin and history. The family state that the trees constituting the original orchard were imported from England in June, 1630, and came over in one of the ships which accompanied Governor Winthrop. They were packed in boxes, with earth about them, and being quite small, were perhaps considered too young to be grafted before leaving England. After their arrival in America they were probably first planted at the Governor's town residence, where, Rev. Mr. Higginson, in 1629, informs us there were green peas, plums, mulberries, raspberries, currants, filberts, chesnuts, a vineyard, &c. "After the grant of his farm," says Mr. Endicott, "these trees were probably removed to it, though the family have no tradition to that effect; but it is a fact which goes to corroborate this supposition, that plums, raspberries, black currants, gooseberries, filberts and grape-vines, were planted on the grounds immediately surrounding this orchard, and the fruit of their descendants growing wild and uncultivated, within sight of this venerable tree, often filled our boyish stomach towards the beginning of this century."

The Rev. Dr. Bently of Salem, who took a deep interest in this venerable tree, and was accustomed to pay it an annual visit for many years of his life, says, October 10th, 1809: "The tree is near the site of the first mansion of the Governor, and the land and tree always have been, and now are the property of his direct heirs, being now in the possession of Mr. John Endicott, nearly four-score years of age, and of the sixth generation. To ascertain its age, near it stood a dial, which was fixed upon a pedestal which the Governor said bore the age of the tree. That dial has been for years in my possession. It is copper, square, horizontal, three inches, a very fair impression, and in the highest order. It is marked '*William Boyce, clock maker, fecit. I.* 1630 *E.*,' the initials of the Governor's name."

Notwithstanding the great age to which it has attained, the tree has had much to contend with during a large portion of its life. For upward of a century it has stood in an open field, without any protection until within the last thirty-five years, during which time it has been surrounded by a fence. It has consequently been browsed by cattle and injured by storms; and twice in the gales of 1804 and 1815, it has been nearly destroyed. After the latter gale it bore no fruit for or five years. The tornado which swept over Danvers some ten years since did it irreparable injury, twisting off several vigorous limbs, and injuring others. The following description of the tree, which bears the date of 1837, will answer, says Mr. Endicott, pretty nearly for the present time:

"By actual admeasurement it was then found to be 18 feet high (!) and 55 feet in the circumference of its branches. The trunk exhibited all the marks of extreme old age, being entirely hollow and mostly open on the south side, with just sufficient bark to convey sap to the branches. It was 7 feet 4 inches in circumference near the roots, and was divided into three distinct parts, two of which were connected to the height of 18 inches; the other was distinct from the ground upwards. There was bark only on the outside of these divisions until they reached the height of seven or eight feet, when they were completely encircled with it, and formed distinct limbs, with numerous lateral branches. About thirty-five years since, two suckers sprang up from the roots, one on the northeast and the other on the southwest side. They are now ten or twelve feet in height, and have been in bearing several years, the fruit being precisely the same as that of the original tree, which, of course, proves it to have been a seeding."

Such is the history of the Endicott Pear Tree—probably the oldest tree of the kind in New England, and perhaps in America. The vigour of its youth has now past away, and in all likelihood it will not survive the storms of many winters more. But the memory of him who planted it, who trained its young branches and watched its primal blossoms, is still green in the hearts of a grateful people; and until the boon of liberty and religious freedom for which our fathers toiled shall cease to exist, and Massachusetts be no more, all honour will be rendered by her sons to the memory of John Endicott.—*Boston Journal.*

THE FIRST BREATH IN THE COUNTRY.

Once more we find ourselves at home among lucid green trees, among hills and mountains, with lakes and brooks on every side, and country roads threading their way in curious circuits among them. All day long we have moved about with dreamy newness of life. Birds, crickets and catydids are the only players upon instruments that molest the air. Chanticleer is at this instant proclaiming over the whole valley that the above declaration is a slander on his musical gifts. Very well, add chanticleer to cricket, catydid and bird. Add, also, a cow; for I hear the distant low, melodious through the valley, with all roughness strained out by the trees through which it comes hitherward. Oh this silence in the air, this silence on mountains, this silence on the lakes! The endless roll of wheels, the audible pavements, the night and day jar of city streets, gives place to a repose so full and deep, that, by a five hours' ride, one is born into a new world. Across the street the woods begin; the real woods, that man never planted nor pruned, and that pride and avarice have saved from being plucked away. For, the property adjacent had long been wished for, for building lots, but the owner has that pride of land which leads men to refuse to part with an acre. Thus the forest stands, which, otherwise would long, before this have given way to yards and gardens. And there we stroll; or lie upon the dethroned leaves that had their day, and look up upon the reigning leaves, endless and multitudinous, that wink and quiver to every breeze; or idly spot the blue sky when the wind rushes. It is no ordinary forest. It covers some fifteen or twenty acres. The lower part is quite level, and covered with oaks. Then come sudden and very severe hills, bolted up so perpendicularly that but for grooves and water-cut valleys, not more than five or six yards wide, you could hardly climb them. Masses of granite rock are flung up here and there in vast heaps, their sides mossed over, the splits and rifts, feathered out with ferns, with here and there a bust for a captain. Over behind the woods there comes down a brook from the mountains, rushing like a courier fierce with news, which it quite forgets to tell, and tempering its zeal along a level meadow, it goes across the road bent on industry, and a few miles below works at a mill as steadily as if it were not a wild and mountain-born brook. The woods are full of hemlock, pine, and spruce; of laurel and ground-pine; or all manner of leaves and flowers, and not least for beauty the finely-cut ferns, with delicate palms. All this, and a good deal more, for we have not spoken of a diamond spring under a rock, (like an eye overhung by a shaggy brow,) or of a pretty school-house on the edge of the wood, or of a huge rock balanced so as to seem falling while yet it is firm—all this we have within a stone's throw of our dwelling, and it is just nothing to the abundance of attractions in the neighbourhood.

Our house is girded about on the west with vigorous maples. No shade-tree is cleaner, or more dense. Its form cannot vie with the elm. It is round and heavy. Its foliage is black-green. The leaves are quite star-like. Few are the places through which the now westward going sun can pierce. But through one or two of these it is casting on my paper a mottled radiance, that as the leaves moves to the breeze, runs up and down, like a kitten, playing with my pen. There is something solemn about a maple. The elm is airy, open, dome-like. Through it you can see the skies, and for this reason, as well as from its arched and hanging boughs, it is a cheerful, inspiring and companionable tree. The maple is opaque. Therefore, and especially as the light fades at evening, it stands like a globe of vegetable darkness.

However, we are not out now on a tree-errand; and all these remarks are thrown in without thinking, and for nothing. By stage we will take you with us to see sights worth seeing; you shall go to Bashe-Byshe, to M. Prospect, to the Dome, to Bald Peak, and Monument Hill; you shall stroll along the valley of the Housatonic, to the Falls at Canaan; you shall go a trouting up and down meadow and mountain brooks, and catch perch and pickerel in the trim lakes, Washine and Washining, than which more beautiful cannot be found in the state.

Here then for a few weeks we shall forget the city, and lay aside its excitements, and bathe with a perpetual ovation in the bright, cool, and mountain air.

When one is young, and not yet entered on life, the heart pants for new things and for excitements. But after one has taken the burden upon his back, and lived amidst cares that never rest, but beat upon the shore like an unquiet surf, then nothing is so luxurious as the calm of a country neighbourhood. Here he has space for retrospection, a mental state which is almost denied to public men in city life. No man in a city parish, driven by new demands each hour, has leisure to go a gleaning over harvested fields. He must plough again, sow again, reap again. But now, at this distance, and separated from all daily solicitation, one can review the whole year; and if done with any worthy standard, it cannot fail to furnish food for the most earnest reflection, and for the most solemn resolutions for the future.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Inderendent.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Messrs Bradbury and Evans of London, announce a new serial by Thackery, the first number to appear "in the autumn."

——A Scotch gentleman, lately returned from the Island of Saints, describes a Ribbonman as "a man wi' nae croun til his hat, and nae seat til his breeks, wi' a cutty pipe sticking out at tane end o' him, and the tail o' his sark at the tither."

——Tea-Table Talk.—A lady living in Peckham Rise has nearly ruined her husband by the enormous prices she has been giving for Cochin-China fowls. The poor fellow is always pointed at in the neighbourhood, so the story goes, as "the Cochin-China-pecked husband."

——A Fact to Remember.—In the course of an inquest in London, a Mr. Wakley observed that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact, that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils they could effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the surest mode would be to envelop the head and face completely in the damp cloth.

——The venerable Mr. Henry Crabbe Robinson narrates, in the *Athenæum*, the following anecdote of his intimate friend Charles Lamb: "I engaged him once to dine with a common friend. 'There will be no one besides ourselves and the three Mr. S—s,' I said. L. immediately exclaimed, 'How I hate those three Mr. S—s!' 'Why, what do you mean? you have never seen any one of them.' 'That's the reason. I cannot hate any one I have ever seen,' was Lamb's unaffected, heart-felt, and most true reply."

—— M. Ampere, writing in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, says that after reading the sacred book of the Mormons, with much attention, he does not find in it any of the strange morality imputed to them. "It is an imitation, or, if you like, a parody, of the Old Testament—a recital in verses, and in a weak biblical style, of the migrations of their ancestors from Palestine to America, where the new law was to be fully revealed to them by J. Smith." "The religion of the Mormons," he adds, "seems to be more of a Judaic Christianity than anything else. Their unpopular practices do not appear to be an essential part of their creed. Time will no doubt soften them. The early Quakers indulged in the wildest extravagences, but it is many years since they have offended anybody."

——A writer in the (Dublin) *Nation*, who was a personal friend, but a political adversary of the late Maurice O'Connell, says it was impossible to know him without respecting his intellect. "No knowledge was foreign to him; no study too intricate and dry for an intellect so acquisitive and penetrative, and a memory which stereotyped everything that books could teach it. I have heard him, with profit and admiration, discuss with the familiarity and taste of a refined scholar, philosophy, poetry, science, literature and politics; and in each and all he displayed varied learning and happy judgment. These were his gifts. Gifts which should have given him a name among thinkers and scholars, but for the fault of his organization, which was an aversion to effort and labour, too often fatal to the development of the largest and noblest faculties. This was the radical defect in his nature."

——At a recent sale, held in London, of the literary and musical collections of the late Mr. Richard Clark, of that city, the following curious relics were offered: One was Handel's tuning fork, giving the note A, very curious and interesting, not only from its connection with the immortal composer, but as showing the rise in pitch since his time, amounting to nearly a whole tone. This tuning fork sold for £2 12s. The second was, the anvil and hammer of Thomas Powell, with which he beat the accompaniment to the air sung by the blacksmith in the hearing of Handel, afterwards printed in the "Suites de Pieces," and subsequently called the "Harmonious Blacksmith," mounted on an oak block from a tree in Cannons park, with brass plate having an engraved inscription. The anvil sold for £5.

At the same sale, which included the musical possessions of the late Dean of Peterborough and Dr. Stokoe a Straduarius violin brought the high price of £240 ($1,200).

—— Inspection for Nunneries.—Mr. Chamber's bill requires the Lord Chancellors of Great Britain and of Ireland to appoint one or more paid commissioners (for whom an oath of office is prescribed). Each commissioner is empowered to visit, between certain hours, in company with a magistrate, any house in which he has reasonable ground to suppose that a female is detained against her will; to make forcible entry, if necessary; to inspect every part of the building; to obtain a list of all the inmates; to see and examine separately every person therein; and ascertain whether any female is detained against her will. The other clauses empower each commissioner to apply, at the public charge, for a writ of *habeas corpus* on behalf of any female improperly detained, and require him to report annually to Parliament concerning his visits, to legal proceedings taken, and other particulars. Penalties are then imposed on those who obstruct commissioner in his duty, or render false returns; and he is further protected by the usual privileges accorded to magistrates.

——Jules Lecompte, a French wit, gives this description of English etiquette:

"It is not etiquette to blow one's nose, to spit, to sneeze. What is one to do? Is it etiquette to have a cold? It is not etiquette to talk loud, even in Parliament; to walk in the middle of the street; to run to get out of the way of a carriage. You must let yourself be run over. It is not etiquette to close a letter with a wafer, for then people say that you send them your spittle; or to write without an envelope. Neither is it etiquette to go to the opera with the smallest flower or stripe upon your waistcoat and cravat; or to eat soup twice; or bow first to a lady;